A TROLLEY HONEYMOON

CLINTON W. LUCAS

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A Trolley Honeymoon
From
Delaware to Maine

*

By

CLINTON W. LUCAS

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Fully illustrated with 53 engravings

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THE M. W. HAZEN COMPANY
NEW YORK

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(October)

INTRODUCTION

THE chief object of this volume is to record the adventures and misadventures of a ten-days' trolley trip from Delaware to Maine—a distance of about five hundred miles, as the electrics run. As the dominant idea was a pleasant outing, the two travelers did not follow the direct route, preferring in every case the allurements of an attractive countryside to the mere saving of time and distance. For there are more things in trolleying than are dreamt of in the philosophy of time-tables and connecting schedules.

Though the experiences here recorded are in the main autobiographical, yet the sequence of events has sometimes been changed, and an element of fiction added to give unity to the narrative.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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A Trolley Honeymoon

CHAPTER I.

A Spectacular Start.

"Mercy's sake, what will you do when there's a thunderstorm?" queried of us one dear, old soul upon whose life of celibacy the haunting fear of lightning had cast its blighting shadow.

"What will the thunderstorm do? That's the question," we countered.

"You'll surely be struck," she added oracularly.

Though such were the predictions of ill, when Louisa and I broached our plan of trolleying to Maine, yet like Hamlet we defied augury. For we had been seized with trolley mania so long that it was only natural we should be carried away by it even on our honeymoon.

To be sure, a trolley trip of five hundred miles promised some measure of uncertainty, if not discomfort; but duly forewarned, as we had been, we made careful preparations for the journey, preparations indeed that in the light of subsequent experience bordered on the grotesque.

Advice was generously showered upon us. First of all, we were cautioned by friends rich in wisdom to guard against the vagaries of an irresponsible weather

bureau, and particularly to take along a sufficient supply of coats and wraps, though as to what a sufficiency was, many conflicting standards were suggested. All these suggestions, however, we took greedily as a cat laps milk; and the consequence was that when we started on our trip, we were saddled with an array of personal baggage that would have appalled even a British tourist on a Channel steamer. Long wraps and

THE STARTING POINT, WILMINGTON

short wraps there were; thick coats and thin coats; linen dusters and mackintoshes; rubbers and umbrellas—all alike bidding defiance to Jove and weather bureaus.

It was under this smothering load that we peeped one July noon as we sallied from our home in Wilmington amid a gleeful shower of rice and old shoes. The

spectacular congratulations of a score of merry friends attended us to Court House Corner, where we were to board the trolley car for Darby. It was already in sight.

Hardly, however, had we heard the larum of the vibrating gong before a waggish member of our escorting party stepped in front of me and, making an excruciating bow, presented us on behalf of our assembled friends with a kodak and a huge, hollow pencil over two feet long, filled brimful with shining nickels fresh from the mint. Stammering out our thanks for the appropriate gifts, we dubbed them on the spot Killdeer and Nicholas Nickleby respectively; and most faithful companions both proved to be.

The motorman pulled up promptly at my signal, but we were so heavily loaded down with coats, suit cases and what-not, and so embarrassed by the spectacular demonstrations of our friends, that boarding the car proved far from an easy manoeuvre. I tried to assume an air of dignified unconcern; but, as usual, it was the umbrella that undid me. Just as I was about to gripe the handrail, the skeleton-ribbed little imp slipped its moorings—purposely of course—from under the coats on my arm and, slyly tripping me up, sent me sprawling in the dust.

"If I had only *one* coat more," I thought, directing an apologetic look at Louisa, "but that a magic one like Brunhilde's to make me invisible."

Amid salvos of mock applause I scrambled up and, gathering the scattered baggage, I dove desperately into the car, clutching Killdeer in one hand, and Nicholas in the other. As I swung myself into a seat,

my kodak which I was carrying with all the conscious pride of the amateur's first, struck against a yellow turban in front of me with sufficient force to bring forth the protesting ejaculation, "Fo' de Lawd sake," while the whites of two eyes blinked reproachfully at me.

Louisa, however, who had preceded me into the car, had fared much better. Fortunately, her manual dexterity acquired naturally with the shopping habit,

MARKET STREET, WILMINGTON

enabled her to retain a masterly grip upon bag and baggage. As the conductor jangled the double signal to start, a whirlwind of rice swept past our seats to the boundless delight of two small boys behind us; and the voices of our friends rose in one long wavering cheer, while away we sped down North Market street. I shot a hasty glance at the tail-board of the car, but

the alert conductor had already removed a huge, ribbon-bedecked placard that proclaimed trumpet-tongued "Off on a Trolley Honeymoon."

It was perfect trolley weather; scarcely a cloud was in the sky; and the sun's rays were tempered by a gentle breeze.

"'Twas one of the charmed days,
When the genius of God doth flow,
The wind may alter twenty ways,
A tempest cannot blow;
It may blow north, it still is warm;
Or south, it still is clear;
Or east, it smells like a clover farm;
Or west, no thunder fear."

The tranquil spirit of that July day had descended upon the shade-embowered streets of Wilmington. Never had they seemed more deeply peaceful—a calm that breathed no whisper of the riotous scenes which but a few days later made Delaware the nation's talk. Only the noisy gratulations of our escorting party broke the quietude of court-house corner. Just across the way under a canopy of trees a grizzled negro, through whose torn straw hat woolly wisps of hair were straggling, was reclining against the iron fence in deep enjoyment of noontide nap. A block away an autocar stood near the curb. Profiting by the absence of the owner, a veritable Uncle Remus, black as the ace of spades, was down on his hands and knees, exploring the mysteries of the machine. There was a grin on his face from ear to ear, as he recklessly fondled the cranks and levers; but luckily in spite of strong

provocation the auto kept its self-control, while Uncle Remus continued his investigations.

Still his fate is only conjectural, for he was soon lost to view, as we dashed down North Market street. At Brandywine bridge we received a farewell volley of rice from the hands of three devoted but misguided friends, who had planned a surprise for us there. Shaking off the effects of the fusilade, we settled ourselves comfortably for the long ride before us. In a few minutes we were out in the open country, and the unbroken rumble of the wheels told of a clear track and heightened speed. As we whizzed past a cornfield on the left, a "little boy blue," catching the spirit of the occasion, waved his hoe gleefully at us. To the right we looked down upon the broad waters of the Delaware glistening in the sun, and beyond we described a splotch of green and yellow, the woods and fields of Jersey miles away.

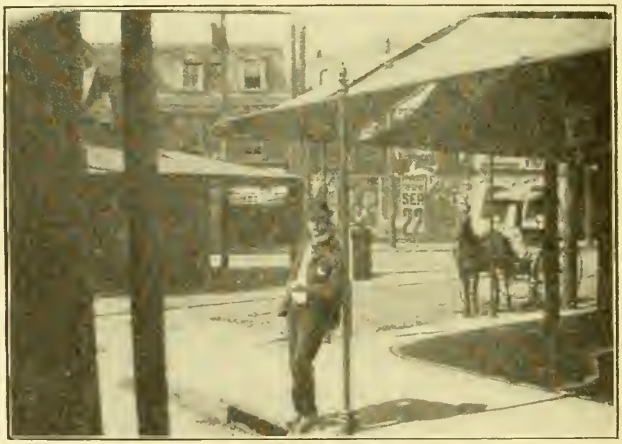
Rumble—Rattle. On we sped by field and farm, by the antiquated toll-gates, where the drowsy keepers gazed wearily at us, and then by sleepy cross-roads and country stores with boxes and barrels piled high in front, perched luxuriously upon which sat groups of gossiping loungers. Rattle—Rumble. Along we rushed past hovel and villa, past hedge and rail fence, disturbing the day dream of the meditative cow and provoking to explosive wrath the barking small dog by the roadside. Now we scurried over the main highway, now we darted through the woods and spluttered out again upon the Chester pike. Up hill and down we tore, zigging and zagging through garden and orchard until crossing the State line we neared the river's edge.

Now, with a louder warning of the gong, we went whirling past rows of factory tenements and a stone mill hardby at a sharp bend in the road; then rose before us the stacks and chimneys of Chester. At slackened speed we ran through the suburbs, where we caught a fleeting view of the darker side of Chester life—three little pickaninnies doing a cakewalk on a

GLIMPSE OF THE DELAWARE

street corner. There was a brief stop in the center of the town. Few signs of activity were visible; but near a weather-beaten pagoda, which served as a newspaper stand, were lounging a group of men and boys with hands in their pockets, gazing listlessly upon passing objects. Another twist and turn; and we were out on the pike again, flying fast toward Darby and drawing gradually away from the river.

Rumble—Rattle. We bustled through a succession of suburban villages, past old stone houses and old-time taverns, the walls of which had often resounded to the echoes of the post horn; and now we were bowling along a grass track under arching shade trees. Here a beard-blown goat, tied to a stake, turned an imploring look upon us; and there a flaring sign,



A PASSING SHOT

"Eggs for Hatching," brought the old proverb to mind.

At the dissolving scenes I snapped Killdeer right and left, though, as I afterwards learned, with a reckless defiance of the most elementary laws of photography. At parting, my friends had scrupulously enjoined upon me, when taking a snap, to stand about ten feet off and always keep the object in the sun. The gentle satire

of this advice soon became patent, for all along the route the most striking "subjects" conspired to stand in the deepest shadow or a stone shot off; and if by chance, or mistake, the sunlight lit up a scene, the view had fled before I could level Killdeer. Then I resolved to discard the use of the finder, and like my hero of schoolboy days, Hawkeye, fire by the sense of touch. This I did, sparing neither Nature, man nor beast, shooting as fast as I could load and reload. As nothing worth a snap condescended to stray within the ten-foot limit, I defied space and shot anything that swept past the horizon. It was a proud moment when I snapped at the Delaware, while we were going at the fastest burst of speed; but great was my chagrin to learn a few weeks later on developing the film that my rapid fire art had reproduced a superb likeness of Mt. Pelee at a busy hour; in some mysterious way the swirl of the kodak had transformed the peaceful Delaware into inky black clouds and eddies of volcanic smoke.

Darby corner looked at one with itself and all the world, when we descended from the flyer there, to change for Philadelphia.

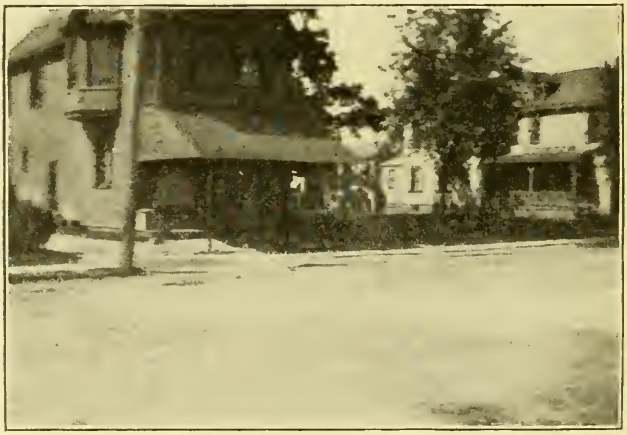
"That's a haunted house over there, isn't it?" exclaimed Louisa, indicating a small frame house on a corner diagonally across from where we stood. It was dilapidated and moss-covered with age; the faded slat shutters were closed tight, except under a dormer window, where they had been partly ripped off, disclosing broken window panes; in short every indication of occupancy was wanting.

"You must get within ten feet of it," I enjoined upon Louisa, who was aiming the kodak at the house.

" Not of a haunted house," she returned, taking three snaps excitedly. I thought no more about them until weeks afterward, when striking off the prints I found I had three shadowy houses standing on the very same spot—all limned on one film.

" I told you it was haunted," smiled Louisa.

" It certainly does look ghastly," I assented, marking for identification Killdeer's first spirit picture.



ON CHESTER PIKE, NORWOOD

There was nothing to disturb the solemn stillness of Darby save the rattle of a double truck, which came spinning out of the car-barn a short distance up the winding street. We were standing in front of an ice cream experimental station, conjecturing the meaning of a sign above the door that read " Pappas." As we were thus engaged, our speculations were suddenly

interrupted by a stubby, red-faced man with a wrinkled blue suit and a professional trolley expression, who smirking grotesquely, thrust into my hand an opened telegram with an intimation that I was the person to whom it related. Scrutinizing it, I read: "Bridal couple arrived Darby from W. 2-30—have special ready." Though I recognized in the announcement the fine Italian hand of our mischievous friends at

DARBY PEACEFULNESS

home, I earnestly disclaimed the unexpected honor, at the same time absentmindedly flicking a few stray flakes of rice from the coats upon my arm. The regular for Philadelphia was just starting and we hurriedly fled to it, leaving the inquisitive conductor in a state of mingled wrath and perplexity.

On we sped into the city limits. Stops were few.

We scuttled steadily along, past the creek and dam by the edge of which stand the venerable walls of the Blue Bell tavern; past the trim enclosure and iron railings of historic St. James; past shanty and cottage; along by signs proclaiming "Pasturage for Horses," and in odd juxtaposition rows of newly-built houses with the builders' placards still attached to them; by endless rows of porches, not a few of which were festooned with the family wash in a prevailing color scheme of red and white; down streets lined with maples, from one of which a sign, "Socialistic Mass Meeting," stared us aggressively in the face; along past the low, brick walls of the factory where the first trolley car was built; and then by a modest structure which proclaimed itself "The Home for Widows and Single Women," but which nevertheless gave no sign of human habitation. Soon the columned entrance of Woodlands Cemetery was in sight. Then speedily rose before us the Memorial Tower of the University, its arched entrance affording us a brief peep at the trim greensward within; and only a block away the green walls of College Hall mantled with woodbine, while nearby could be seen the red turrets and grinning gargoyles of the Library building.

The scene shifted quickly to the muddy Schuylkill, of which we had a hurried view from the bridge above. Its banks were lined with coal yards and blackened walls, while from the yellowish haze peered many towering chimney stacks, smudging the sky with inky smoke.

Now at last we were speeding down Chestnut street. As we crossed Broad, we caught sight of the gray,

weather-stained walls of the Public Buildings; and craning our necks, we spyglassed high up on the tower the long coat and wide-brimmed hat of William Penn, his back half turned upon us. We were in the heart of Quakerdom.

"IN THE HEART OF QUAKERDOM"

CHAPTER II.

From Quakerdom by Pastoral Scenes.

Monday, sacred in a pristine civilization to the wash-tub, is bargain day in Philadelphia; and it is then that Quakerdom seethes with excitement. The corners of Eighth and Market streets, in the shadow as they are of four department stores, are a center of the shopping hurricane. As we pushed through the scurrying throng on the edge of the storm, Louisa caught the contagion of the scene, and her eyes danced with the elementary passion of the hour sale and bargain counter.

The Willow Grove car, however, was at the crossing and beckoned us onward up Eighth street to complete the second stage of our journey. Though this narrow thoroughfare, lined as it was with small shops and bustling with a motley throng of hawker, shopper, and lounger, certainly abounds in the element of human interest, yet its scenic setting is but a forlorn waste of signs and awnings.

"It's the fermentation of the ignominious," quoted Louisa, who adores Ruskin and whose art runs to dale and dingle and bosky bourn.

"And here's some of the ignominious, fermenting now," I chimed in, as the car stopped short at an alley-like street, where two teams, one a dump cart, had interlocked their wheels, stoutly disputing the right of way. The angry drivers, coats off, were shaking their

fists in each other's face, and exchanging defiance in a dialect racy of Eighth street, while a ring of seedy-looking bystanders were watching the melodrama with infinite delight. We rode on before hostilities were concluded, but mock wagers on the outcome were made by our fellow-passengers with the odds strongly against the probability of casualties. Leaving behind

NEAR INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA

the region of small shops, we scurried past solid rows of brick houses with prim white shutters and marble doorsteps.

Soon, however, all these had faded in the dim distance and we were out on the Old York Road, where the rarest of trolleying was in store for us. If William Penn founded the Quaker city, God made its suburbs—a fair countryside that now passed before us in dis-

solving views, as our car at quickened speed plunged on to Willow Grove:

> " Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
> As the landskip round it measures."

We trolleyed past lawns and meadows, stately villas and trim gardens, old wayside inns and ivy-covered churches lodged under the spreading trees; here a classic gateway with Ionic peristyle; there an ancient mansion half hidden behind high walls of solid masonry; a wide stretch of green fields in the foreground, a background of woodland; winding country lanes deep in shade; and last but not least a valley sweeping northward and disclosing in far perspective green hills crowned with a bluish haze.

There was one passenger, however, to whom the alluring scenery was all a blank. Though the car was far from crowded, he had deliberately seated himself on the sunny side and pulled down the curtains near him to blot out the view. Then unfolding his morning paper, he remained buried in the contents of the sporting page until Horseheaven came in sight. Perhaps his attention may have been distracted by the ghostly neigh that still echoes, as some fancy, from this historic knoll, where in the days of the winding post horn many a worn-out sorrel and bay were let loose to browse their last. Thoroughbred and plug, Bucephalus and Blackberry, Horseheaven levelled all; and to what base uses did they not return?

We found few excursionists at Willow Grove, for the hour was still early. The spacious grounds, how-

ever, of this famous resort looked as attractive as ever; and over them hung memories of Damrosch and Sousa. That day Creatore and his band were advertised, so that we were sorely tempted to tarry for the music; but baggage-hampered as we were, we stood hesitant before the gates of Paradise until the sound of the clanging gong from up the hill signalled the approach of the

OLD MILL NEAR OGONTZ

Doylestown car. I waved Nicholas at the motorman and we clambered quickly aboard.

"This is real country," exclaimed Louisa, delightedly, as with heads bared to the exhilarating breeze and ensconced comfortably amid our multitudinous coats and grips on a front seat of the jolting four-wheeler, we flashed along the Horshampike, past field and farm, barn and windmill, orchard and truck patch. The

scent of clover and new mown hay was in the air, Sabaean odors tinctured mildly by stray whiffs from wayside barnyards; while kine and swine, swine and kine flew apparently across our vision with a familiarity that bred contempt. Contempt, certainly on the part of the cows, for systematically switching their tails and chewing their introspective cuds, they regarded us with an expression of blank indifference. The many crumpled horns (at any rate they looked *crumpled* from the bobbing flyer) spoke plainly of a dairy country; but we glanced around in vain for sight of "the maiden all forlorn," or of the blithe milkmaid in French heels made familiar by opera bouffe. Louisa's attention, however, was attracted by a little heifer not inappropriately creamy colored.

"You're just too lovely for anything," she called to it. "For all the world like Evangeline's;" but the lovely one fed voraciously and heeded her not.

Our fellow-passengers were nearly all of the rural type. The spruce-looking excursionists from the city that we had observed in the Willow Grove car, now gave way to Darby and Joan or Jack and Jill. At the roadside station waited Reuben, swathed in his linen duster and holding stiffly a carpet bag, relic of happier days.

Along the highway, however, were scattered many more substantial reminders of the past than Reuben's rag bag. Such, indeed, were our reflections as we pulled up in the little hamlet of Horsham, which is all antiquity from the trolley waiting-room, "shagged with horrid shades," to the Quaker meeting-house prim to starchiness. Louisa's crowning delight, however,

was the frequency of old-time inns, to which despite their shabby, if not dilapidated, conditions, the broad verandas gave an air of hospitality essentially colonial. On the way out of Horsham we sighted in the distance one of these ancient taverns, distinguished by a high balcony that promised at first marked dramatic possibilities for some rural Romeo and Juliet; but as we came nearer, the romantic atmosphere was dispelled by an array of gaudy yellow signs that chronicled small beer. Though these old inns and other structures by the wayside have a history, yet to the manifest disappointment of Louisa there was a lamentable dearth of Washington's headquarters, places that history had scattered along other portions of our route, and notably in New England, with reckless profusion. Did Washington blunder?

The odd signs and names by the roadside proved a frequent source of amusement. Near Horsham, where the conductor jumped off to turn the lever of the signal box, our attention was directed to a barking cur. At first we could not understand the reason of his emotion. He seemed to be barking doggedly, one might say, into space without any special object in view; but glancing again we beheld just in front of the beast a projecting sign that announced "Snapper and Barker." Thus a dog's bark can express the finer shades of feeling.

It was near the same spot that my reckless kodakery received a stinging rebuke. By the side of the trolley track was a dingy, frame house, in the open door of which stood a venerable negress with a red bandanna kerchief on her head and five or six pickaninnies frisk-

ing about her. In an instant the snap-shot demon was at my elbow and I levelled Killdeer at the dusky picture of domestic life; but fancy my chagrin when Honey, divining my intention, fled inside with all her lesser Honeys and slammed the door in Killdeer's face. It was not strange, therefore, that the negative, on coming out of the developing machine a week later, should

IN DOYLESTOWN

wear a blank expression which recorded sympathetically my own feelings.

Killdeer, however, soon found other game. The hillside crofts near Doylestown and the glimpse of its roofs and chimneys nestled among the trees made a picture not to be forgotten. Rye and wheat fields stood out in pleasing relief against the background of green, while over all a summer's cloud threw shifting

lights and shadows. Following the winding road, we crossed a low stone bridge and passing an ancient mill dashed on to the town a short distance beyond.

"Do they have ice cream in Doylestown?" queried one anxious passenger of the conductor, when we were climbing the hill.

"Yes—and a jail, too," was the comprehensive retort. At the covert rebuke the man, who wanted to know, relapsed into a masterly silence. The prominence, indeed, of the jail in the geography of the town amply justified the conductor in his Reproof Valiant. It was the first striking object we saw when we rode into town, and the last thing upon which we feasted our eyes as we rode out.

Our flyer made a brief stop at the trolley crossing; and then grappling nervously our Protean baggage we clambered from the four-wheeler and tottered to the Newtown car close by, while its occupants watched our painful progress with ill-concealed merriment. We had hardly settled ourselves, our belongings piled high about us, before the car, a dingy, ancient-looking conveyance, was lumbering away towards Bristol.

Our route still lay through a prosperous farming country; and in some cases the track took a short cut through the farms themselves, where the company had acquired the exclusive right of way. As our car spluttered along, it dodged a farm house here and a barn there, while the clanging of its gong and the rattle of its wheels more than once rudely interrupted the stately promenade of Chanticleer and his dames. The cold look in Chanticleer's eye told plainly enough his hostility to the invading trolley.

As was natural, the Man with the Hoe was a common figure in the roadside scenes of Bucks, through which we were now passing; but he bore no resemblance to the gaunt creation of the poet's fancy. Far from it, for he was the very picture of health and happiness.

Our fellow-trippers, too, were generally of the same

THE JAIL, DOYLESTOWN

hardy type. Indeed, the only exceptions were two pale-faced, smooth-shaven men, whose attire and theatrical air cried aloud of the Eighth street Rialto. They held gingerly between them a ludicrously large megaphone—an instrument that seemed strangely out of place in the rural quietude. Louisa's curiosity was doubled when the twain got off at a lonely crossroads where the only sign of activity was a duck half asleep

in a stagnant pool. The last we saw of them, they were still waiting by the roadside, clutching their burden with grim persistency. As they lingered considerately in the glaring sunlight, I snapped Killdeer at them, but the shot went wide of the mark, catching only a few tree-tops. Ever since that time, however, they have haunted our fancy. For what are the charms that two vaudeville "artists" with a colossal megaphone could find in the face of Solitude? To hold communion with Nature?

There were two others of our companions to whom, Louisa declares, Killdeer and I owe an unqualified apology. They were a country bumpkin and his rosy-cheeked Thestylis—deep in a romance which had progressed far enough to sanction the interchange of chewing gum in public. As this jugglery was successively repeated, the lurking snap-shot demon within me was aroused; and, hardly realizing what I did, I raised Killdeer and gave the lever a vicious push. I caught the gum in transit, but at what moral sacrifice. From that fatal moment I felt myself in the relentless grasp of a habit that respected neither time nor place; that spared neither the sanctity of the home nor love's young dream. I had become a kodak fiend, abhorred by gods and men.

Even the wayside animals seemed to look upon Killdeer with squint-eyed suspicion. During a stop near a paint-bleached wooden building, the village post-office, Louisa called my attention to a fat pug dog waddling about, an expression of utter world weariness stamped upon his wide-open countenance. It took only a second to crane my neck and seize my kodak;

yet before I had made the first motion, the indignant pug divined my intention and popped suddenly around a corner. Thus, as we learned, pug dogs and negresses with bandanna kerchiefs have in common an aversion to kodakery, though what the hidden law may be that connects the two cases, it is for the psychologist to unravel.

Our car made but few stops on the way to Newtown. This preponderance of through traffic contributes much to the pleasure of rural trolleying. By the same token the lot of the rural conductor is far happier than that of his urban brother, whose life might be called a continuous hop, skip and jump up and down a running board. What is more, he is on a much better footing, too, with the passengers, many of them being his neighbors with whom he freely exchanges cheery, if clumsy, compliments seasoned with enquiries about the crops. A sign over a small store at Wycombe Park, reading "Ice cream Parlor and Soft Drinks," bore a legend that soon became a familiar landmark. For everywhere along the route, in town or country, by lake or fen, near park or blasted heath, could be seen the sticky, sinuous trail of the Ice Cream Dragon; and by his benignant decree any weather-beaten shack commodious enough to hold one plate and two spoons was officially entitled a "parlor." These parlors, indeed, flourish like green bay trees and apparently are under the special protection of the goddess Indigestion, to whom Quick Lunch Temples are sacred.

Recreation parks, also,—we were bewildered at their frequency. Scarcely a large town we trolleyed through that did not have its amusement grove where flaring

advertisements heralded a feast of "refined vaudeville," and not infrequently a flow of liquid cheer. What was strangest, it was notably in puritan New England where the passion for "refined vaudeville" raged most fiercely.

Louisa had undertaken to record in her note book a description, though necessarily brief, of the villages along our route; but the sleepy atmosphere made the recording angel drowsy on the way to Newtown, so that by the time we rattled into that little Quaker village, she was nodding "with a short, uneasy motion." Even Homer, however, would have nodded that hot noontide.

As it was, her dazed recollections of Newtown include a venerable peddler trundling a baby carriage filled with peanuts through the quiet street; and (though not a correlated fact) a large sign on a barn, as we turned a sharp corner, that read "The Home of Altheus, Son of Omma, the Greatest Sire Living or Dead." Penn named the town; and over it the influence of his placid spirit still reigns.

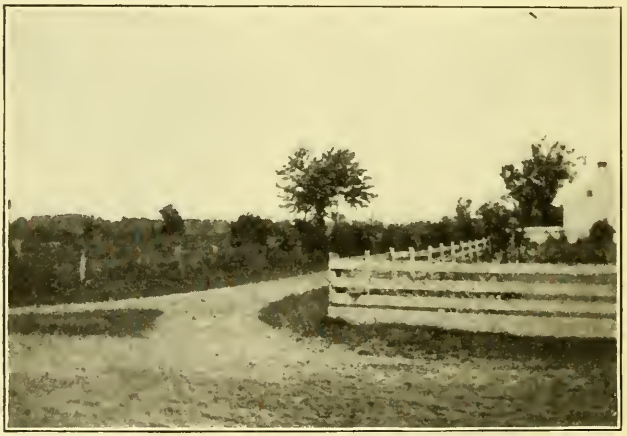
Not even Dickens' fat boy would have fallen asleep in the flyer to which we now changed for Bristol. For it was equipped with a lusty horn, the chirpy toot of which awakened both hillsmen and dalesmen like a blast from Robin Hood's bugle, as we rode up hill and down. We listened to its echoes with fascinated ears; and

> still the wonder grew
> that one small horn could carry all it blew.

Our course was now towards the Delaware. At Langhorne the track stretched away down a vista of

arched trees; and crossing a trestle we caught another view of the Neshaminy, which we had seen for the first time on our ride to Doylestown. We were now well out of the hills; and indeed as we neared Hulmeville, the country became as flat as a pancake on Shrove Tuesday.

An exhilarating trolley ride is the best sauce. "I'm



BY THE ROADSIDE, HULMEVILLE

as hungry as a bear," confessed Louisa, on alighting from the car at Bristol, if indeed travelers staggering under our weight of baggage could be said to "alight." We entered a hostelry only to be informed by the host in a tone of reproach that dinner wasn't served after two. Thus belated hunger hath few privileges in Bristol, saving the presence of the never-failing "ice cream parlor." One of these retreats Louisa spied, as we were

trudging up the rambling main street, bag and baggage; and there on Bristol-made ambrosia we tried to appease two very human appetites.

In the little shop we held our first council. We had expected to cross to Burlington by ferry and take the Jersey route to Trenton; but disquieting rumors now reached us of the prevalence of smallpox in Bordentown and of the enforcement of a quarantine against all travelers passing through the plague spot, as we should be compelled to do, if we went by way of Burlington. The idea of a quarantine did not appeal to Louisa.

"Fumigated, smoked like hams," she protested. "Why, our clothes will all be ruined," she added, her eyes as big as saucers at the threatened cataclysm.

"Perhaps, they may only spray us—that's the latest wrinkle, I understand," I essayed to break the blow.

"*Sprayed,* the idea," she returned. "Wouldn't we be sights. A bride and bridegroom at that."

"We're sights anyway," I rejoined, pointing ruefully to our mountain of coats and grips that towered from two chairs in the corner of the room. "It would take a week to fumigate that heap."

The result of the conference was that we decided for the west side route via Morrisville. We had hardly seated ourselves, however, in the Morrisville car before we began to doubt the wisdom of our decision. The conveyance was a closed four-wheeler, dingy-looking without and stuffy within; and its occupants were shabby and unkempt. In one corner, with his feet planted on a soiled paper bundle that resembled Alfred Jingle's, slouched a man in stertorous slumber.

Sprawled in front of us, a shock-headed, sullen-faced foreigner, as we judged, was pouring over a socialistic paper, glancing at us occasionally over the top of the sheet. The glance became a glare when it fell upon our generous supply of coats and plainly spoke his belief that we had more than our share. Evidently he did not agree with Carlyle, that a man's share of the goods of this world is all he can carry without getting into the hulks.

The river view, however, soon diverted our attention from the socialist; and going to the rear platform I snapped Killdeer recklessly at the Delaware, which flowed sluggishly by, indifferent to the volley. That indifference proved well-founded, for its best friends couldn't have recognized it in my "moving" pictures. It was all the sun's fault, however, which was everywhere that afternoon except where it ought to have been. My friends had religiously impressed upon me that I must be careful, when shooting, "not to get a move on the kodak." This injunction seemed to me the refinement of irony, as I clutched Killdeer in one hand, while with the other I clung desperately to the handrail of the platform, which was bobbing up and down like Tracy Tupman on his balky beast of blessed memory. For our little flyer made up in speed what it lacked in appearance; and the plains and wayside maples, Tullytown, Penn Valley—all flopped madly by like a ghost at matin hour.

Morrisville we found buried in an all-pervading stupor, ostensibly its normal condition. This little hamlet boasts a trolley line to Trenton, which lies just across the river. That afternoon, however, no cars

were running, though the track was still visible to the naked eye. Dropping into a corner store, we learned that the slender equipment of the company compelled it to suspend operations when, as often happened, the car needed repairing. As ill luck would have it, we had stumbled into town on Repair Day; and consequently no trolley was running. Indeed, the village pessimist

THE CANAL AT TRENTON

informed us that it might be a month before we could get a car for Trenton. So long a wait hardly fell in with our plans; and accordingly making a virtue of necessity, off we started to tramp into Trenton over the bridge.

"How odd for a wedding journey," exclaimed Louisa, as she tripped ahead with Killdeer and Nicholas, while I brought up the rear with our baggage train.

"How delightfully historical this is—crossing the Delaware just like Washington," she added.

"*If* we ever get across," I protested, emerging from my mass of baggage to pick up the impish umbrella, which had taken advantage of my helplessness to drop into the dusty roadway.

At the ticket office the burly keeper exacted a modest penny tribute from Nicholas. Here we were overtaken by a fellow-passenger in the Bristol car, the sleepy man with the disreputable-looking bundle. We remembered how on disembarking he had forgotten to take his baggage, and indeed would have gone off without it, had not a lusty halloa from the conductor recalled him. We were not surprised, therefore, to hear him hailed now by the bridge guard, who admonished him to procure a ticket before crossing. The fee paid, off the forgetful man trudged again, when there was another stentorian shout from the guard; and then we saw that the man had forgotten his shabby bundle a second time. Smiling sheepishly, he picked up his belongings and slouched on; but his troubles were not at an end, for at the Trenton end of the bridge he forgot to give up his ticket and was roundly reprimanded by the official at the gate. Having thrown the proper sop to Cerberus, he passed on again, still smiling like a member of the Sunshine Society. The last we saw of him he was tramping wearily in the direction of the pottery works, the suspicious-looking bundle resting loosely under his arm, as if it were likely any moment to slide down to the pavement. Louisa wonders whether it ever reached its destination, if indeed it ever had any.

Trenton marked the end of our second day's trip.

With becoming reverence we craned our necks before the towering battle monument, now doubly memorable since the Princeton students essayed to give it the color of the shamrock; and then we recrossed the canal just in time to catch a glimpse of the *Admiral Dewey,* sweeping proudly down the "melancholy main" in tow of a patient-looking mule. Our final pilgrimage was to the State house, where Louisa enjoyed the honor of sitting for one brief second in the governor's chair—an act of usurpation that, we hope, Governor Murphy will graciously condone.

CHAPTER III.

Misadventures in Jersey.

Perhaps I did wrong to speak so hastily about the vagaries of my umbrella. It certainly did yeoman service that rainy morning we left Trenton for New York. The rain was coming down in torrents when we climbed into the open single truck that runs to the Fair Grounds, where connection is made for New Brunswick. A short dash, however, to the rain-soaked suburbs and we found waiting the New Brunswick express. The change to a closed coach, commodious as a steam railway carriage, was as pleasant as it was unexpected. The car was one of the regular winter service with a forward compartment for baggage. The conductor played many parts from ticket puncher to baggage smasher; and when we dove into the car, there he was cheerily polishing the brass strip on a seat top with all the historic painstaking of Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B. Naturally sociable, he imparted much pertinent, as well as entertaining, information along the route; for all told he had but three passengers to occupy his attention. The third fare, a hatchet-faced woman, slept soundly during the trip, her head sagging heavily to one side, while a black chip hat reposed sympathetically on the tip of her ear.

The rain beat furiously against the window panes, as the flyer whizzed past the swamps and sodden fields.

We could easily imagine the dismal treble, precursor of blood, that rises on an August night over these breeding places of the Jersey man-eater. The whole prospect, in fact, might be described as dolorous; though in such a cloudburst even the Elysian Fields would have looked waste and wild.

"No shooting to-day," I said disconsolately to Louisa, as I stowed Killdeer away in a corner.

"There's fine shooting over the way, and fishing, too," volunteered the conductor. "Near Patrick's Crossing," he added, indicating with a wide sweep of his hand a black, rain-swept horizon to the right; and his earnest expression demonstrated his firm belief that we could make no mistake in dropping off for a day's sport with rod and gun. Louisa turned a horrified look on him, while I added darkly that I couldn't shoot anything, unless it stood in the sunlight within the ten-foot dead line.

When we dashed into New Brunswick, the storm was still raging and the wind and rain were sweeping furiously through the streets. We were compelled to take refuge in the trolley waiting-room, through the splotched window pane of which we peered into the drizzle for a sight of the Bound Brook car. At last it came trundling round a corner, its slazy rain-soaked curtains offering but a flimsy protection from the elements. Our courage failed us.

"I wouldn't go in that tub without a life-preserver," insisted Louisa, looking like Niobe in her dripping Mackintosh (assuming of course that Niobe would have worn a weeping-proof); and to emphasize her ultimatum she brandished Nicholas so violently that

he lost his head and a score of nickels were scattered in a jingling chorus upon the floor. Life-preservers, however, were about the only necessity we had neglected to put in our baggage equipment. As it was, therefore, we decided to wait over until the weather bureau regained its mental balance and turned off the deluge.

Happily it had a lucid interval the very next morn-

A PICNIC PARTY, NEW BRUNSWICK

ing; and taking the day by the forelock we were soon trolleying across the stone bridge over the Raritan, glancing back at the roofs of New Brunswick on the hill to the west of us. Above the trees by the river's bank towered the stone arches of the new railroad bridge. Our course wound along the river, the placid surface of which glittered like a mirror, while a broad

sweep of cultivated fields bounded our vision to the right. Brindle, Sukey and Mooley, with their pleading eyes, became familiar figures in the pastoral scenes; and at their rugged architecture we began to cast the cold, critical glances of experts, as we now deemed ourselves to be since our trip through Bucks. To Louisa's ears, however, the Jersey moo expressed a wider emotional range and spoke a more varied language than the neat's tongue of Bucks.

As we turned our backs on the Raritan and headed for Bound Brook, a little comedy was enacted aboard our car, in which we took an involuntary part. A ruddy-cheeked man with a brisk manner and clothes of a modish cut, who had been puffing a cigar on the front platform, came pattering down the aisle, anxiously scrutinizing each seat. He eyed us with embarrassing keenness; nor did we get an inkling of the dramatic situation until we heard an explosive inquiry from the conductor: "Anybody seen this man's grip?"

The question was followed by a general silence. "Perhaps it's under that stack of clothing there," broke in the red-faced, indicating our coats and wraps, which promiscuously piled together were spread on a seat in front of us.

"We've grips of our own without adding to the collection," I protested firmly. "But see for yourself," I continued; and suiting the action to the word, I dug strenuously into the mountain of coats, dislodging of course in the process the troublesome umbrella, the handle of which had hooked itself in a grip strap.

"There it is," cried the man; and sure enough, much to my dismay, I saw the missing bag deeply

buried under the coats with every outward evidence of criminal intent. The owner ignored our embarrassed explanation, but expansive joy was pictured on his countenance, when retiring to the rear platform he hastily snapped open the bag, disclosing to the curious gaze of the passengers a box of cigars and a bottle of rye. A general titter went around the car as he held the bottle up critically, as if to intimate that its contents had been tampered with.

RURAL TROLLEY STATION, DUNELLEN

"I felt as if I should fly," said Louisa afterwards in speaking of the trying moment.

"Not with all that baggage," I interposed mildly. "A Santos Dumont or Langley couldn't have done that." She declined, however, to reveal her secret of aërial navigation.

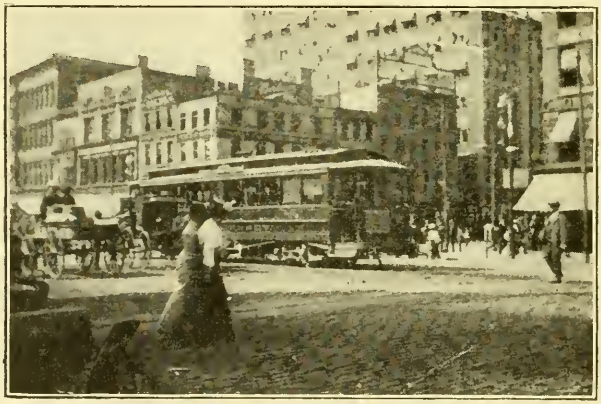
When we changed cars at Bound Brook, we saw the owner of the grip standing in front of the trolley station, still holding the bottle with a true Kentucky caress. The picture was vividly present in our minds, as we rode on to Dunellen; and for that reason doubtless we exercised more caution than before in stowing away our baggage.

Though the river was now lost to view, yet by way of compensation the green walls of the Watchung rose in the distance across the plains. Indeed, as we trolleyed on, the wide reach of level fields with background of mountains became the distinguishing feature of the scenery.

Our fellow-passengers on the Dunellen car were a medley indeed. On the rear seats sprawled a group of men in grimy canvas suits, and nestling at their feet was a generous supply of picks and crowbars. Seated among them was a lean, bewhiskered farmer, bereft of collar and tie, who kept cracking hard-shelled jokes with the conductor. Near us in the centre seat sat a Tennysonian young lady, rapt in the *Idylls of the King*, while at her elbow was a fat negress, whose watery eyes and paroxysm of sneezing testified to the ravages of hay fever. All the front seats, however, had been pre-empted by a merry trolley party (the first we had met on our trip), a group of women hatless and radiant in white shirtwaists, who chattered vivaciously over a hand-to-hand feast of caramels. They changed with us into the Plainfield car at the station in the outskirts of Dunellen village.

Nothing along the road escaped the attention of these cheery trolley trippers; and their witty comments

on passing scenes did much to enliven our journey to Plainfield. At one village corner the sight of a little tot sliding down a steep pair of steps with the naive abandon of youth and clasping affectionately a flower-bedecked doll larger than she was, awakened general merriment; and at another stop a tiny Maltese kitten rolling in the sun under a window emblazoned with the announcement of "Charlie Moon's Laundry" amused



A NEWARK SCENE

us all with its acrobatic pranks. It was promptly christened by the trolley party "Fudge" and "Moonshine."

"Fudge," however, was soon forgotten as we sped on through Westfield and the adjoining countryside, which was now unrolled before us in a panorama of vivid green.

We met with a brief delay in Elizabeth, where a

chauffeurless automobile running wild cat effectually blocked our passage. I took advantage of the stop to snap at the first object within range, which proved to be a butcher boy on his wagon. In an instant, however, the lad, scenting danger, popped out of his seat with monkey-like agility, while I heard a muffled expression in a tone vibrant with feeling, "Never touched me;" but before he had slipped to the ground, Killdeer snapped him ruthlessly in the back. This monkey-like boy was the only evidence we saw of over-developed activity in Elizabeth's streets.

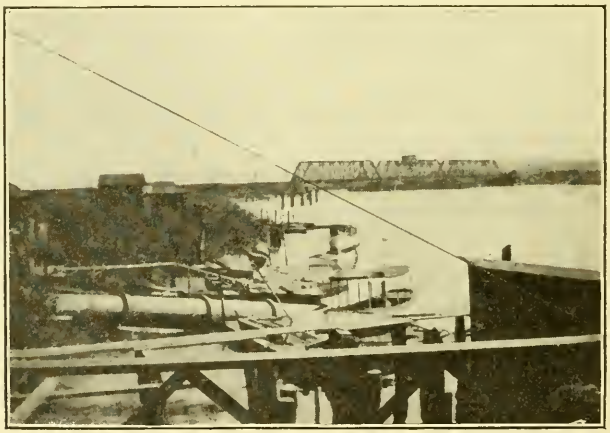
As we continued our journey, the character of wayside scenes rapidly changed; and by the time we had trundled into Newark, the transformation was complete. In its broad streets and bustling trolley centre were many signs of our proximity to the metropolis, the sky scrapers of which were only ten miles away. The calm deliberation of rural trolleying now began to give way to the speed and rush mania. We caught at once the infectious spirit.

"Hurry, if you want to get that car," suddenly exclaimed Louisa, as we stood in the midst of a crowd on the curb.

"Hurry," I repeated, as the mad joy of battle began to thrill my nerves. Juggling our baggage in both arms, we dove through the throng and tore along the trolley track to hail a car for Jersey City that had already passed us. I dodged just in time a woman of Falstaffian girth who waddled directly across my path; then more juggling and sprinting in the blazing sun and victory was ours. Hardly, however, had we seated ourselves before I discovered that during the pursuit

my umbrella had slyly dropped into the street. You may be sure that we wasted no tears over the loss; but I am sorry for the unsuspecting Newarker (unless it was the fat woman), who found the little imp and introduced it doubtless into some happy home.

A short ride through the outskirts of the city brought us to the turnpike. The blocks of factory buildings and a sky-line rich in chimney stacks and streaked with



NEAR JERSEY CITY

black smoke, attested Newark's remarkable industrial growth. We followed the turnpike to Jersey City—a jumbled association of marshy flats and inlets; dense jungles of railroad tracks; unspeakable fertilizing plants; and last a dash through unsightly suburbs. It was only a little after one when we turned into the car barn hard by the ferry house. Hardly a minute

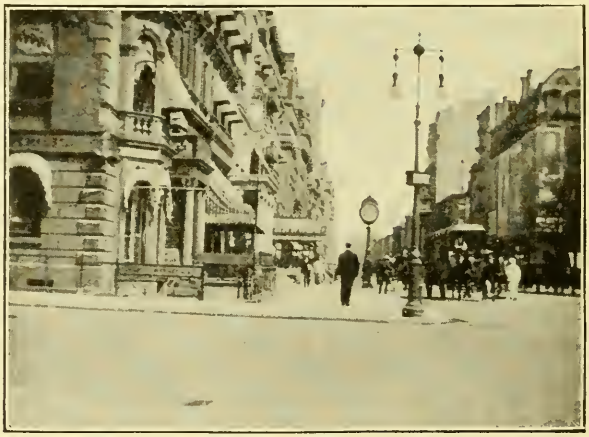
later we were pushing and elbowing our way through a motley rabble of swarthy-faced immigrants, who stood in helpless stupidity around the train gates. The men were loaded with shovels and pickaxes, while almost every woman in the horde carried a baby in her arms. We broke through the jabbering throng and catching the prevailing spirit of desperate hurry we scurried towards the Twenty-third street slip.

As the ferry-boat churned its way up the North river, we looked expectantly for a new assortment of dents in the rugged sky-line of the city, where in bewildering irregularity the sky-scrapers reared their awful forms. Nor did we look in vain, for New York is ever rising Phoenix-like (a modern up-to-date Phoenix, of course) from the ashes and scrap-iron of its demolished structures. It is not the same city one saw but a few weeks ago. Yet never before had the tearing-up mania seemed so acute and widespread as it did that afternoon, when we plunged into town from the trolley trip through bucolic Jersey. Many old landmarks were gone; here a skyscraper had been pulled down to make way for another skyscraper of double the height; there in upper Broadway were abyssmal excavations marking the progress of the subway; and opposite many new holes in the building line huge piles of steel girders were lying along the curb.

In spite, however, of the law of restless change that marks "the metrolopus," two things, so it seemed to us, are always omnipresent—the saturnalia of noise and the odor of escaping gas. The latter Louisa detected at once with a disapproving sniff. For the taste is strictly an acquired one, though to the old New

Yorker a whiff of leaking gas (as one can readily understand) is like a puff from Araby the Blest, associated as it is with his most enduring memories of the Island.

The intensity of life in New York imbues with something of its spirit even the sight-seeing stranger within its gates; and the tourist service of coach, yacht and automobile that is now one of the spectacu-

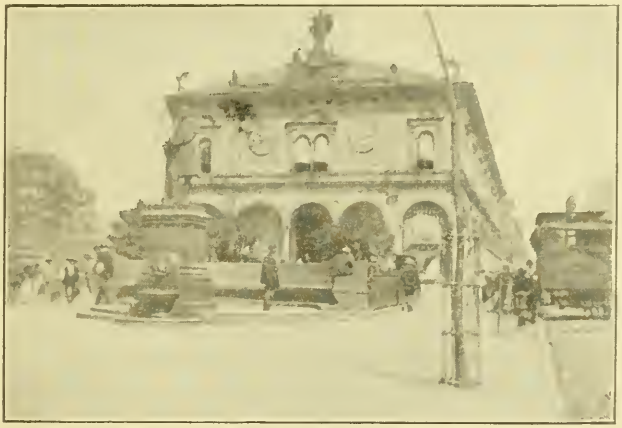


FIFTH AVENUE IN SUMMER

lar features of the city, may be regarded as another tribute to the metropolitan rush mania.

The story of the American traveler, who, bursting breathlessly into St. Marks, breezily bade the guide show him "the whole outfit in five minutes," finds a counterpart in the wish of a hurricane tourist we met on Riverside Drive. While the electric 'bus was wait-

ing in front of Grant's Tomb, a bustling woman, guide-book in hand, flew down the long steps and signalled the chauffeur for a parley. In a tone that took us all into her confidence, she made known her wish for a ride down Riverside, a dash through Central Park, a scurry up the whole length of Fifth avenue and back again (with a hasty peep, of course, into the Cathedral and the Little Church Around the Corner), and last



HERALD SQUARE

but not least a hurry-up pilgrimage down the tangled woodland of the Bowery—all this to be done in half an hour, for she *must*, she insisted (the emphasis on the *must* was eloquence itself) catch the five o'clock boat for Coney Island. Nor could anyone convince her that her plan contemplated a ride wilder than John Gilpin's; and when we rode away, she was searching

for another chauffeur to whom to broach her cyclonic idea.

Early as it was in the summer season, we found tourists everywhere; around the wind-blown Flat Iron, amid the venerable grave-stones of Trinity church yard, in the maelstrom at Brooklyn bridge, peering into the subway at Longacre, and shot from the helter-skelter at Luna Park.

CATHEDRAL HEIGHTS, MANHATTAN

As the time drew near to continue our trip, we discussed in the baleful light of experience the pressing necessity of reducing our baggage list. This course was hurried, also, by a humiliating adventure. For as I was tramping along Twenty-third street, staggering under my burden of superfluous coats, I had been approached by a policeman, who in a Manhattanized

brogue had questioned me solicitously about my ownership of the chattels. Though I succeeded in quieting his suspicions, yet the sting of mortification had remained.

Our travelling equipment, as finally settled upon, comprised the following:

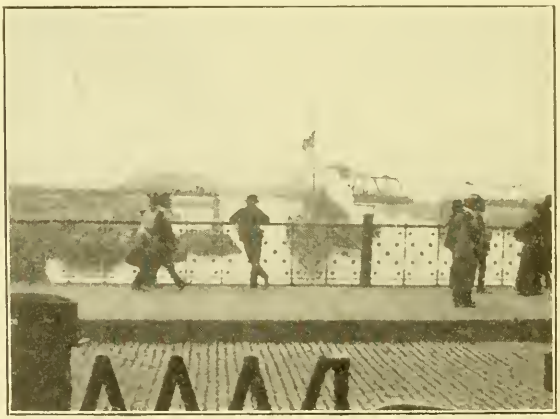
I. Two grips (12 x 6).
II. Two medium-weight coats (with Nicholas and divers guide-books in the pockets.)
III. Killdeer and ammunition.
IV. Positively no umbrella.

All other baggage was forwarded by express to the transfer point where we had planned to break our journey.

CHAPTER IV.

A Swarm of Excursionists.

It was Fat Woman's Day when we trolleyed out of Manhattan Borough. At Harlem River the picnic face and the lunch-box were early abroad: and under the L tracks at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street we



BRIDGE AT HARLEM RIVER

encountered a horde of trolley excursionists with Teutonic faces and aggressively American feet and elbows. As the Mount Vernon car swung around the loop, Louisa and I flung ourselves into the whirlwind; and

when our struggle was over, we found ourselves wedged in on a front seat amid a press of fat women and chattering angel children.

As we rode over the drawbridge and on through the Bronx, more fat women and more angel babies crowded into the car at every stop. At the last invasion a dumpy, little German woman, holding in ludicrous contrast a huge picnic hamper, cried out in protest, "There bees no room for dose in alretty"—a sentiment that paradoxical though it was, we echoed heartily. Through the profusion of fatling hands and toy tin pails that surrounded me, I trained Killdeer upon wayside "subjects," though necessarily at weird angles and grotesque focus. Once the side rail of the car mocked my snap at Fordham; and soon afterwards, when I had just coaxed a Williamsbridge scene within the ten-foot line, the inquisitive fist of a cherubic baby planted itself squarely in the kodak's only eye.

Even under such unfavorable conditions we could see abundant evidence of the Bronx's rapid growth. Here, indeed, is a strange medley of city and country. The deafening roar of Manhattan's streets dies away in the rural calm of the upper Bronx—a calm, however, that just precedes the coming storm of improvement. A few months more and in yon field, where Reuben is bending over to stay the ravages of the potato bug, a brick flat with conspicuous fire escape, or perhaps a corner saloon with flamboyant sign, will proclaim itself the pioneer of metropolitan progress.

As we neared the station at Mount Vernon (just beyond the city limits) we saw a surging sea of arms and faces. Louisa's first thought was that a riot was

in progress or a fashionable wedding with the conventional mob of curiosity seekers; but in another moment we grasped the situation (or rather *were* grasped by the situation) when our car pulled up in the thick of a struggling mass of excursionists. As it proved, they were making a concerted rush for the New Rochelle trolley with which the car from New York connected. Indeed, hardly had our crowded Juggernaut stopped, before our fellow--passengers, led by the *frau* of the mammoth picnic basket, boldly precipitated themselves into the struggle. Their example was contagious and at once there arose within me a barbaric desire to mingle in the fray and trample my fellow-men in the dust. We joined in the rush, only to be caught in the counter currents of elbows and lunch boxes; and then Mount Vernon grew giddy before our eyes.

I rescued Louisa at last, and from the vantage point of the trolley waiting-room we watched the scene with anxious interest. The rush had diminished a little; but along a labyrinth of overhead wires shouting motormen were hurriedly shifting their poles, charging down alike upon the just and unjust.

"I'm no dog," vociferated a tall, thin man, white with rage at being ordered about like a Siberian convict.

"Well, what do you want?" sneered Ivan the Trolley Terrible; and the challenging look on the burly motorman's face indicated his personal preference for fisticuffs.

The chance of getting even standing room in the New Rochelle car seemed so remote that we debated

the suggestion of going by steam cars as far as Portchester. For every time the little four-wheeler shot in sight, men, women and children made an onslaught that crowded it from platform to platform, while the number of waiting excursionists was augmented with the arrival of every car from the Harlem. Never was the law of demand and supply more grossly insulted.

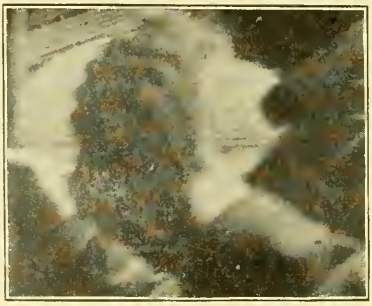
After an hour's delay, however, fortune favored us. We were crossing the square towards the railroad station, when Louisa's sharp eyes spied two vacant seats in a Juggernaut that was just about to start. With desperate haste we flung ourselves aboard. Pinned in though we were among the baskets and boxes of a Glen Island picnic party, we breathed a sigh of relief as the signal was given and the little bobtail speedily made a sharp turn to the left, heading New Rochelleward. Hardly, however, had we come out on the Old Post Road before a horrible suspicion flamed up in Louisa's mind that we were going in the wrong direction.

"Is this the New Rochelle car?" I asked anxiously of the conductor, while I began to shake out two fares from the long head of Nicholas.

"'Tain't my fault," snarled back the tyrant, clutching the coins in his money-stained palm; and up went his hand savagely to the indicator cord. Thus, without waiting to investigate, he had diagnosed my question as a complaint—such was the force of habit. It chanced that I was holding Killdeer in one hand and before the man had let go the cord I snapped the kodak unconsciously at him. The developed film, however, afterwards revealed nothing but a fist, huge, shadowy, protruding mysteriously into space.

Nevertheless the sight of Killdeer brought a civil answer to the conductor's tongue; and the next time I interrogated him he promptly relieved my doubts about the destination of the car.

It is fair to say, however, that "'Tain't my fault" was the only insolent conductor we met in all the five hundred miles of our trip; and even for him Louisa makes the extenuating plea that daily contact with the



THAT FIST

picnic mobs of Mount Vernon would have worn the patience of Job himself.

Twenty minutes of trolleying brought us into the prim little city of New Rochelle, where we made another change.

Through its brick-paved highways we made only a hurried pilgrimage; and though Louisa took good care to impress upon my mind the Huguenot origin of the place, we saw no outward signs of it, except perhaps the words "French Boarding House" painted upon a large plank in front of an imposing colonial residence.

The sun had come out broiling hot, so that we were heartily glad to be seated once more in an open trolley car and to go scudding along in the teeth of the speed-generated breeze. We were still attended, however, by knots of excursionists, most of them bound for nearby beaches along the Sound.

While we were speeding through Mamaroneck and Rye, Louisa was deep in the guide-books, and frequently reminded me that we were now on historic ground. For up these Westchester hills marched the valiant Howe, and then marched down again—"nobly done and wisely, too." To us, however, no red coats were visible save the toiling golfer; no note of destruction audible save the chauffeur's horn.

Historical associations deepen as one crosses the State line and trolleys along the Connecticut shore. Near Greenwich I had urged Louisa to keep a sharp lookout for the rock where General Putnam, when pursued by the redcoats, made the dare-devil leap recounted in history.

"That looks like it," burst suddenly from her lips, while she indicated vaguely a steep ledge with a dramatic flourish of her guide-book.

"Where? Where?" I asked excitedly. "I must get a good picture of that." Then steadying myself against the side rail of the rocking car, I prepared to take aim with all the impressive deliberation of a professional doing time-exposure.

"Mommer! Mommer!" cried a thin, piping voice behind me. "Look at that funny, little man. He's taking pictures with a great big pencil."

Glancing down, I realized to my chagrin that absent-

mindedly I had poised in my hand not Killdeer, but the long, green back of Nicholas Nickleby. There was a sudden lurch of the flyer; and like a flash (he had been waiting for the chance) old Nick shot from my hand and lodged in the road near the track. A hasty signal to stop; and scrambling out of our seats we trudged back to recover our lost treasure, while the car whizzed on to Old Ledge Road. Our journey thus unexpectedly broken, we decided not to take the next car on, but stroll leisurely back to Indian Harbor, a sightly bay filled with fishing craft, where the east-bound trolley tripper catches his first glimpse of the Sound.

Indeed, the whole countryside from Greenwich on, with its attractive villas set among tidy lawns and stately trees, is one to be remembered. Smart traps and puffy automobiles became frequent objects on the road. One touring car flew gleefully past us to the challenging notes of the automatic horn, only to be overtaken in a crippled condition when we resumed our journey not long afterwards. As we saw the begoggled chauffeur down on his hands and knees, peering anxiously into the machine's "midst," we reflected that he travels the fastest—who gets to his destination.

It was concert night when we rode into Stamford Center. The main street was alive with chattering promenaders, while from the bandstand in the spacious square the strains of "Another New Coon in Town" hailed our belated advent. As we alighted from the car, it seemed to us as if all Stamford were afoot. Threading our way through the press, however, as best

we could, we enquired for a hotel; but in the minds of all we interrogated, there seemed to lurk the gravest doubts about the identity of the best one. Accordingly, we had to trust to outside appearance; and, as was to be expected, Louisa chose the hostelry with colonial pillars. Nor did we have reason to regret our choice, though we could not convince our host that we were in earnest about trolleying all the way to Maine. Indeed, he blandly suggested that we could save time by taking the steam railroad; and when we met his objection by insisting that we were not in a hurry, he was utterly unable to recognize our un-American point of view. Louisa is sure he had doubts of our sanity; and I remember now how he cast a look of deep suspicion at Old Nick.

STAMFORD TOWN

CHAPTER V.

On the Connecticut Shore.

"A shady road with a grassy track;
A car that follows free;
A Summer's scene at early morn;
A nickel for a fee."

Such seemed to be the song of the whizzing wheels, as leaving in the dim distance the stone bridge that spans the Noroton at Stamford line, we sped onward along the Connecticut shore. Although in the crowded cities the day was recorded as the hottest of the season, the rate of speed at which we were tearing along, fanned the air into a mild simoom, tempering the heat to a refreshing coolness; while our course swerving gradually from the Old Post Road, we caught the off-shore breeze from Roton Point, which pushes its snub nose well out into the broad waters of the Sound. The grass track, laid under an archway of trees, banished the plague of dust; and no picnic hordes, as on the day before, lay in ambush along the route to invade our peace and comfort.

At Roton Point we inhaled our first puff of undiluted salt air, for here the trolley runs to the water's edge. As we looked across the blue surface of the Sound, it was a natural delusion to fancy we saw Father Neptune raising his placid head above the depths and nod-

ding the sharp tip of his trident, as if bidding us rest a while by his domains. So pointed an invitation we could not politely decline, even on the score of a previous engagement; and accordingly, while our car

"BREATHING THE GERMS OF LAZINESS"

retraced its rapid course to the Post Road, we lingered at the Point.

> " The air was calm and on the level brine
> Sleek Panope with all her sisters played."

quoted Louisa. There are two things that move her to quotation, the moonlight and the sea shore.

" Panope," I repeated, having but a dim idea of the identity of the lady. " If there are any distinguished visitors here," I went on, taking up Killdeer, " let me snap them."

Louisa, however, relapsed into silence and seemed to be scanning the water intently, perhaps for a glimpse of the latest thing out in sea serpents.

There was little, in fact, to disturb one's day dream. Now and then a naphtha launch puffed saucily across our vision, or far in the offing a sail crept slowly along.

"How delightfully lazy here," drawled Louisa at last, coming out of her reverie.

"Laziness, you know, is a disease—that's the latest theory," I returned. "Some German wonder has bottled up a few of the specimen germs."

"The germs are delicious anyway," she rejoined; and indeed we both continued to breathe in the sea air until our throats were almost scarified with hook-shaped microbes and we were positively ashamed to look the innocent, little creatures in the face. At last, germ-sated, we sauntered back to the station, where we leisurely boarded the Norwalk trolley.

The trolley service, however, was not affected by the germs of laziness and we made good time towards our destination. High noon found us standing on a street corner of Norwalk town (Norwalk, like all Gaul, is divided into three parts) in the shadow of a store window, lying in wait for the Westport trolley. The town was steeped in the drowsiness of Sleepy Hollow; in the heat of midday few pedestrians were abroad. Even the urchins lounging on the corner looked listless and wilted. Across the way was a narrow bridge, from beyond the iron railing of which a tall mast rose here and there. Louisa has a weakness for old bridges; and at this one, therefore, and the shipping in the background I tried some random shots. As ill-luck would

have it, however, a one-horse "shay," that looked like the one in which Washington rode on his historic visit to the town, projected itself into the view, while a gaudily-painted lunch-wagon nearby with red glass windows threw its baleful influence over the scene.

Even a Westport car comes to him who waits; and doubly welcome to our trained ears was the Wagnerian rattle of its wheels, for the sound meant a speedy deliverance from the glaring noon-day heat on Norwalk

FROM NORWALK BRIDGE

corner. Though the countryside, through which we now trolleyed, was hardly as attractive as that near Stamford, yet the landscape was by no means lacking in "subjects."

One of these, indeed, I long had occasion to remember. For while we were rumbling over the long bridge into Westport, I tried to take a snap through the cha-

otic mass of poles and cross-beams which went whirling by us. To get a clearer field of view, I was leaning far over the side rail, when suddenly there loomed up right in front of me the legend, painted in large, black letters on a white background, "Lay Hold on Eternal Life;" and I drew back in the nick of time to dodge a huge trolley pole.

"Pretty close shave," I heard a passenger remark. "That camera fiend will get his neck broke if he isn't more careful;" while a chorus of "Rubber" from a trio of small boys on a rear seat contributed to compromise my professional dignity. After that experience I never encouraged any familiarity on the part of trolley poles.

Hardly had we crossed the bridge before the motorman turned off the current with a sudden jerk that almost threw us from our seats. "Hay wagon on the track," was the laconic and joyous comment of one of the small boys, as the curiosity seekers scrambled out to investigate the phenomenon. Following the others, I saw a group in shirt-sleeves, trying to pry up the broken wheel of a wagon, while the track was littered with hay three feet deep. They were toiling away in the broiling sun when we left the scene. For a car had been despatched from Southport to take the passengers on to that town.

Majestic old elms arching the highways give to trolleying along the Connecticut shore a charm that is all its own. Of these trees none are statelier than those that stand like giants, guarding the main street of Fairfield.

As we trolleyed through this historic town, Louisa

dove again into the guide-books, only to come up dripping with revolutionary lore.

"What a delightful old town," she exclaimed, glowing with enthusiasm. "I just dote on these colonial houses," she added. "Just fancy, there's one famous old house here that has *sixty* closets in it."

"And a skeleton in every closet, no doubt," broke in a fellow-passenger, who had courteously pointed out to us many historical landmarks *en route*.

"They say there's a lot of buried treasure in Fairfield," Louisa went on.

"I wonder if Morgan and Rockefeller know about it," rejoined our cynical companion.

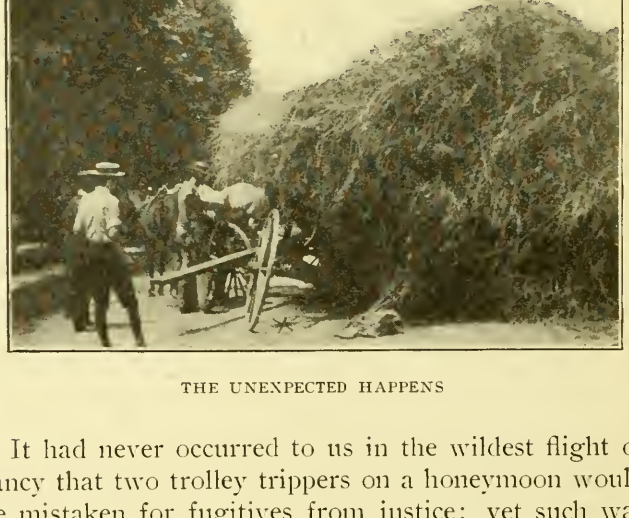
Our conversation shifted to the old stocks and pillory, which stood in Puritan days on the very greensward we were whizzing past.

"We ought to have pillories nowadays," the cynic was moved to say, as he peered through his spectacles at the historic spot. "They would be just the place," he added, "to hold those automobile fiends."

He had intended, I suspect, to add camera fiends to his pillory list; but at sight of Killdeer he suddenly checked himself.

In a few minutes, however, Fairfield green was only a memory and we were speeding on our way to Bridgeport. The name "Barnum Avenue" on a sign post apprised us that we were in the city of the great showman. Our thoughts went back to the cherry-colored cat of blessed memory and to the sacred white elephant, at whose shrine the public had worshipped until it transpired that the sanctity of the beast had been imparted to it by Barnum's paint-brush.

"O, look at that statue there," exclaimed Louisa as we passed Barnum Avenue. Following her gesture, I saw an iron figure standing in the center of a large garden, its right hand raised expectantly towards us; and almost automatically in response I shook old Nick to bring out a nickel. Such is the tyranny of habit developed on a long trolley trip when the conductor with his insatiate demand is ever at your elbow.



THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS

It had never occurred to us in the wildest flight of fancy that two trolley trippers on a honeymoon would be mistaken for fugitives from justice; yet such was our apparent experience at a hotel in Bridgeport. The clerk bored me through with a suspicious glare; and when I checked our baggage, I noticed the same dubious look. Both porter and bellboy kept their eyes

glued to the kodak—for I had declined to have it checked with the other portables—and indeed followed our movements with lynx-eyed vigilance. To add to the mystery of the situation, the clerk informed me in a confidential tone that a tall, important-looking stranger with an official air had been at the hotel the day before, making anxious inquiries about us and hinting darkly at a secret, though urgent mission. On reflection we

A FAIRFIELD CHURCH

decided that it must be a case of mistaken identity, and that the mysterious stranger was an officer on some fugitive's trail. With that we dismissed the subject.

The sun's rays beat down mercilessly upon us, as we stood on the bridge near the steamboat landing, looking anxiously for the New Haven trolley. Suddenly a car hove in sight and came thundering across the bridge

towards the waiting throng. In the precipitate stampede for seats that ensued, we joined with a fury and professional agility that had now become second nature, and following in the wake of a supple, little man who showed himself a clever strategist, we dove into the car from the off side, even before the guard rail had been shifted or the stepping board adjusted. Thus it is that trolley communications corrupt good manners. Be that as it may, our hysterical struggle bore fruit, and we settled back comfortably into two choice seats in motorman's row, conjuring up bright visions, as the car started, of the ride to New Haven along the shore.

At the Stratford end of the bridge I shook a fare out of Nick into the conductor's hand.

"You're on the wrong car," he shouted in stentorian tones, when he learned our destination. There was an impatient pull at the cord; the flyer stopped, and off we were bundled ignominiously from our "box seats," while the other passengers, some of whom remembered our frantic struggle for seats, broke out into an exasperating titter.

"I don't see anything to laugh about," Louisa confided to me with much earnestness, as juggling once more our coats and grips we began the tramp back in the sizzling heat to the point we had started from. Our discomfiture was complete when we heard two passersby remark, after a quizzical glance at us, "I guess they're stranded actors walking back to New York. Why don't they take a hand car?"

Time and trolleying, however, soothe all disappointments. A half hour's delay—and our misadventure

was forgotten in the pleasure of the ride to New Haven. The snatch of scenery along the Housatonic; trim village greens and old homesteads set among towering elms and maples; now a glimpse of field and woodland, now a far-sweeping view of the Sound; here the sight of gypsy camps in the roadside woods, there of tents pitched on the beach—all united to make two hours of ideal trolley tripping. Yet our route was

BY THE ROADSIDE, STRATFORD

a meandering one; and as our car fairly flew along, the sudden twists and turns around Milford green cheated Killdeer out of many a choice shot.

There had been a strike of conductors and motormen on the New Haven and Bridgeport line; and its echoes were still audible when we reached Woodmont, a summer colony on the Sound. For here the union

men from New Haven unfeelingly refused to take our flyer into the city. In fact, it took over half an hour to appease the dignity of labor and set the wheels revolving again. Even then we were gnawed by a secret fear that perhaps the conductor had neglected to put the union blue label on the electric current.

During our enforced stay at the little station the passengers found amusement in the buffoonery of two Italian peanut venders, father and son, whose jokes and grimaces, as they recklessly disparaged each other's wares, were as diverting as a play.

Indeed, Woodmont proved to be a place of amusing surprises. Near the trolley track was a goat, tied to a revolving pole, who gazed at us with a melancholy air. The humiliation of captivity had broken his once proud spirit, and in truth as William the Beard Blown stood there, his hopes tantalized by an indigestible assortment of cans and paper-bags, the aftermath of some picnic that lay just beyond the limits of his tether, he looked for all the world like patience on a monument.

When our car got under way again, it shot along like a cannon-ball express, our course following the shore closely. At Savin Rock the allurements of a baseball game, together with a medley of other attractions from a "shore dinner" to the never-failing announcement of "refined vaudeville," had assembled a small army of pleasure seekers. As we pulled up at the station and saw the crowd of excursionists, memories of Mount Vernon rose vividly before us and we prepared for a stampede. Fortunately, however, it was still early in the afternoon and we passed through unmolested, turning northward in the direction of New

Haven. Black clouds were gathering in the north; and when we alighted from the flyer at Yale Green, the rain-drops began to patter down—the prelude to a violent shower.

NEW HAVEN GREEN

CHAPTER VI.

A Mysterious Pursuit.

Over the Yale campus hung the sepulchral silence of vacation time. At night only the note of the baffled mosquito broke the solitude of the quadrangle; and in the Stygian darkness the blank walls of Skull and Bones seemed wrapped in a deeper mystery than ever. Even Vanderbilt Hall loomed up dark and forbidding in the gloom.

Doubtless it would have done two victims of trolley fever no harm (as such we were) to have lingered longer in Yale's reposeful shades, forgetting for a while how to "Step lively" and "Move up front;" but the trolley germ, like all others, must run its course, and the next morning accordingly we continued our journey.

At New Haven we learned that the break in the trolley line near Cheshire had not been filled in and that a change in our plans, therefore, would be rendered necessary. In this emergency we were advised to take the steam cars to Wallingford and trolley on from there.

"Why, the idea. That would be disloyal in a trolley tripper," demurred Louisa at first. "We'd better walk it." Yet the memory of that "hike," across Stratford bridge counselled prudence, and we decided therefore on the Wallingford route.

That half hour's ride in a stuffy steam car, with its

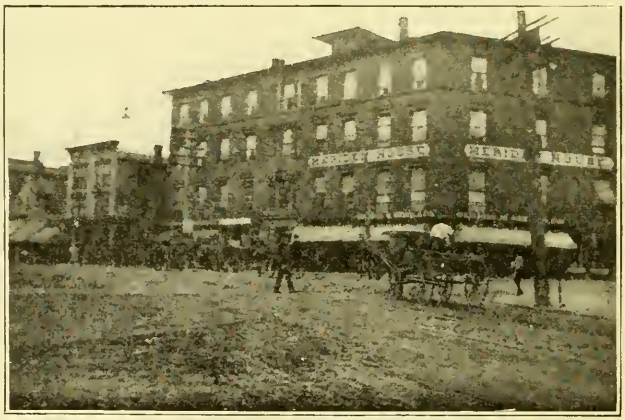
plague of smoke and cinders and annoying attentions of the news demon, confirmed us in our belief that trolleying is much pleasanter than "railroading"—at least on a hot summer day. When the brakeman yelled "Wallingford," we fled incontinently from the train, eager to enjoy once more the forced breeze from the front seat of a trolley flyer.

Enquiring at the station about the car to Meriden, we were directed to a quiet corner across a tangle of railroad tracks; and thither we made a bee line, dodging just in time a freight train, which was being shunted back and forth on the crossing. "Hurry up!" shouted Louisa, who as usual led the van. Running amuck, I caught up with her just in time to learn that it was half an hour before the next car would leave.

Louisa, who has a weakness for statistics, has calculated that out of the eleven days required to make our trip, we spent at least one day in posing on unappreciative street corners and peering wistfully into space for sight of belated Juggernauts. Though we tried to persuade ourselves that these frequent breaks in our journey were blessings in disguise, yet there were occasions when the disguise seemed almost impenetrable. So it was in the dreary blankness of that Wallingford corner. The most taking object that met our eyes was a long house on wheels in a nearby lot having emblazoned upon it the inscription "Klondyke Traveling Art Gallery." As it was stuck fast in the mud, "Traveling" seemed a misnomer, while "Klondyke" must have been inspired by the same goddess of incongruity, who presides over hotel names. What's in a name, we reflected. Was there not once a

"Holy Roman Empire" that yet was neither Holy, Roman, nor an Empire?

When the Meriden trolley came rumbling down the road, it proved to be an old-time four-wheeler. Yet, as we found, it made much better time than its sedate and venerable appearance promised. The trip Meridenward was not fruitful in incident. Indeed, the most diverting episode *en route* was afforded by a cow tak-



"HAIL, BRITANNIA!"

ing a mud bath, and the most notable wayside objects were a straggling assortment of scarecrows—dubious booty even for a wandering hobo.

Our view of the Silver Plate City (as Meriden is styled from one of its chief industries) was necessarily brief. In fact, we hardly had time to say "Hail Britannia" before we were whisked into the connecting

car and were speeding out of the broad main square towards the city line. In our hurried survey, however, we caught sight of one ludicrous figure in Meriden's square that we shall not soon forget. A small man, his head crowned with a tiny skull cap, was passing along at a mincing gait, twirling in one hand a fan and holding in the other an open umbrella of family dimensions. Over one arm, also, was swung a long storm coat, making a grotesque contrast to the airy and brilliant shirt-waist that formed a striking part of his remarkable get-up. "He's the official crazy man of the city," explained the conductor to us in a burst of confidence; and appearances certainly indicated that the man was mad, at least nor-nor west.

On reaching the city line we found the outskirts of Meriden bedraggled in mud and mire. We stopped near a narrow bridge where gaping ruts over a foot deep were visible in the highway.

"They are going to repair the road," volunteered the conductor apologetically to one of the passengers.

"*Road*," sniffed a bilious-looking man. "I thought the government was trying to dredge out a canal here," and we echoed his sentiments, while we floundered through the slough of despond to the Lazy Lane car, a stone shot off.

In front of us was an eight-wheeler, the two rear seats of which were piled high with milk cans, while a stalwart, red-faced man was busily engaged in discharging the contents of his wagon into the adjoining seat. After the rattle and clatter were over, we jumped aboard and the conductor signaled to start. Hardly, however, had he pulled at the cord before a sharp,

ringing cry was heard and looking around we beheld a tall, dignified man making signs of recognition.

"Wait. Hold the car," he bellowed, waving excitedly a long, white package of papers. "There's a party aboard I want to see," he shouted again; and the look of grim determination on his face indicated business of pressing importance. The car pulled up; and with eyes fixed on me the stranger made straight for our seat. Louisa's heart was in her mouth, for the thought flashed through her mind that the man was the officer who had made enquiries about us at the hotel in Bridgeport. His appearance tallied exactly with that of the mysterious stranger; and we now recalled how our experience in Bridgeport had been repeated at the New Haven hotel, where the bellboys exchanged suspicious glances over our baggage, though why we could not then fathom. "Perhaps they take us for the missing Humberts," Louisa had laughingly suggested, though I was still inclined to lay all blame upon our excess of luggage which might not unnaturally raise a presumption of ill-gotten gains.

Hopping quickly up the running board, the stranger planted himself beside us. Then, as the car shot ahead he made known in his breezy, masterful style the purpose of his intrusion. He blandly hoped we would pardon the interruption; but he had heard we were on a honeymoon and after tendering some ponderous congratulations declared he had a matter of the utmost importance to lay before us, for which purpose he would like to have a little confidential talk with me. I winced at this, for the recollection was still painful of my last "confidential talk." It had been with a man

" on the inside " (I wish he'd staid there), who advised me to buy on the " breaks " and sell on the " bulges "—with the result that I got the " bulges " and " breaks " as hopelessly mixed as were Little Buttercup's foundlings; and I dropped accordingly on the wrong side of the market.

It was on the tip of my tongue to ask the man how he had learned so much about us, when he smartly tapped the package he clutched in one hand and exclaimed: " Just run your eye over that." Louisa turned pale, expecting every moment to hear the man say: " I have an unpleasant duty to perform "—the conventional method of making an arrest, as she had gathered from long novel reading. With visions of a county jail yawning for me, I glanced over one of the pages he had thrust before my nose and read the words, " Twenty-year Endowment Accumulation Policy," while underneath the title was a blinding array of numerals. " Figures don't lie, you know," he broke out, pulling at his stubby, black mustache. " That is just the sort of policy you want."

For my part, I had no such idea of such a want; but the stranger's very audacity compelled attention, if not belief. A man in Wilmington, he explained, had put him on my trail; and then recognizing that I was the victim of a practical joke I commented bitterly on the diseased sense of humor that sometimes seizes on one's friends. Still I realized that nothing short of a head-on collision would tear the voluble agent from my side; and I submitted, therefore, with the best grace possible, while he launched into a long exposition about the solemn duty of my providing for my family. Louisa,

however, was greatly relieved. At any rate, the stranger was not a sheriff; and getting insured under duress was better than going to jail—that was her point of view.

Meanwhile our car was whizzing on to Lazy Lane and a panorama was unrolled before our eyes that drew frequent exclamations of delight from Louisa. My attention, however, was distracted from the scenery by my persecutor, whose organs of speech seemed specially constructed to expound the merits of his "Twenty-year Accumulation Policy." To the right loomed up in bold relief the rugged outlines of High Peak, while the trim arbors and broad acres of Hubbard Park made another goodly sight. Passing the park, we had on both sides of the road a sweeping view of rolling country, stretching far away in the sunlight to the blue northern hills.

My persecutor was still unbottling his statistics, when we dashed through the shady main street of Southington, the clangor of the gong breaking in rudely upon the calm of that languorous, country town. The sky had suddenly become obscured with lowering clouds, and even my affliction stopped talking long enough to remark the probability of a heavy shower. For nearly two weeks, we were told, violent rains had occurred almost daily in the valley; and we were not surprised, therefore, when our motorman, weatherwise, put on his long rubber coat, as we left the Southington station. As the clouds grew darker, there came back to our minds the ominous prediction of our anxious friends at home about our fate in thunder storms.

The rain was beginning to fall when our flyer pulled

up at Lazy Lane. This trolley junction is made up of a triangular track and a small weather-beaten shanty, through the entrance of which we saw a venerable man sprawling drowsily by the side of a popcorn stand. In this retreat we found shelter until the Plainville car came along, into which we made a dash more cyclonic than dignified. Rain apparently had damped the ardor of the importunate agent, who did not attempt to fol-

MEMORIAL ARCH, HARTFORD

low us; but as we were running along, between the drops, we heard his cheery warning that he hoped to see me again "in the near future." I made no return to his sally, but I fully believed that having once shaken off the burr I could safely take my chances of the "near future."

The name "Lazy Lane" tantalized Louisa's curi-

osity; but we found its origin involved in the deep obscurity of myth and legend. Our conductor, his moral sense doubtless blistered by hearing the oft-repeated question by travelers, offered the explanation that many years ago the authorities began cutting a road through this section, but for some reason not specified the work lagged along and was never completed. The result was that popular fancy transferred the sloth of the authorities to the half-completed road, or lane, which accordingly received its present name.

After we left Plainville, our course veered sharply to the east, and we ran out of the storm long before we reached the suburbs of New Britain. On the way we passed White Oak Park, where advertisements announced the usual attraction of a vaudeville theatre, "occupied daily by high-class talent." By the law of contrast, however, the only passengers who got off at White Oak were two colored women, black as the ace of spades, whose set, lugubrious countenances had attracted our attention on the run up from Plainville. We naturally supposed them to be deep in bereavement, and we could hardly believe our eyes when we saw them disappearing through the park entrance into the tangles of rag-time and end-men's jokes.

When we boarded the Hartford trolley in New Britain square, we realized for the first time the rapid increase of the foreign element in New England. For certainly a third of the passengers were foreigners—a fact evidenced not only by the swarthy faces and brilliant kerchiefs, but also by the Babel of tongues from Teuton gutturals to French patois. We were not surprised, therefore, to learn that the French Canadians

and Italians had secured a strong foothold in the land of the Puritans, and indeed that the French Canadians had become a political power. At many places along the route, in country as well as city, the immigrant was to be seen, hardy, thrifty and indubitably prosperous. In fact, not only has he imbibed American ideas, but he has bettered the instruction.

"Just too lovely for anything!" Louisa rapturously

A HARTFORD STREET

recorded in her diary, as descriptive of the ten miles of trolleying from New Britain to Hartford. As in the ride from Meriden, plain and hill diversified the scenery. As we neared the city, the gables of Trinity College looked down upon us from their commanding eminence, and farther on we could see the capitol dome glistening in the sun.

CHAPTER VII.

From Hartford over the Massachusetts Hills.

"Would you ever think it? A company of little, fat, waddling Dutchmen were the first settlers round Hartford," philosophised Louisa, as we were strolling through Bushnell Park. For her interpretations of history are distinctly original, and she frequently insists that a little history in time would save nine historical novels.

"Well, I'm glad," she went on to say in her most positive, guide-book tone, "that the Dutchmen *were* driven away. They would have made this beautiful city a stupid wilderness of windmills and cabbage patches—" a sudden whirring sound and a ringing cry of distress, just as we reached the Memorial Arch, rudely interrupted the philosophy of history. Glancing nervously back in the direction of the noise, we beheld a large auto-car bearing madly down upon us. The chauffeur had lost control of his machine and the other occupant, a woman, was clinging in terror to the careening motor. Naturally we did not stop to dispute the right of way with the wildcat automobile, but fled behind a pillar of the Arch just in time to see the machine go reeling by and zigzag for the next corner, where it promptly upset, "spilling" both occupants upon the sidewalk. Rushing to the spot, we recognized two members of the gay party of autoists

we had passed on the Greenwich road three days before. Fortunately they proved to be a good deal more frightened than hurt. "Only a little shaken up," they explained depreciatingly, looking sadly at the machine which lay by the curb with its withers all unwrung—or so it seemed to my mere trolley eye.

"Really it's nothing," continued the chauffeur, as he explored with a forefinger and thumb his bruised nose and the long overhang of his swollen upper lip. "I can't understand," he added, "what got into the machine. I expected to go straight through to Boston;" and he bent over the twisted levers as if to exorcise the demon that had taken possession of them.

"You'd better get another motor or else take out an accident policy," volunteered a bystander sententiously —advice naturally inspired by Hartford's atmosphere, since both automobiles and insurance are substantial sources of the city's prosperity. Indeed, it would be interesting to know whether it insures more lives than are destroyed by the revolvers, machine guns, automobiles and other instruments of death that are numbered among its manufactures.

Our liveliest recollections of Hartford center around a street adventure in which a dog figured as the hero, a dog worthy to have his praises sung in some canine Homeric. Half-way down a broad, tree-lined avenue, our car stopped to let on a wayside passenger. As the man plumped into a seat near us, we saw close by the running board the square jaws and wall eyes of a bull dog. The brute made a desperate lunge to follow the man in, but the speed of the car, which was now forging ahead again, mocked his frantic efforts. Still

he followed gamely in the wake of the whizzing eight-wheeler, though soon almost hopelessly distanced.

Meanwhile the passenger told his story. The dog, it appeared, was not his own, but a stray one that had been trailing him around all morning, though he had done nothing whatever, he explained, to encourage the four-footed compliment. After a race of ten blocks, however, the car pulled up for the same man to get off. This stop put new hope in the almost exhausted animal; and by a heroic effort he succeeded in catching up with the flyer before it got under way again. Then—for he had not seen the passenger's escape—he jumped furiously aboard. Quivering and panting, the frantic beast leaped from seat to seat in search of the missing man, scattering the passengers right and left and knocking over Killdeer with a particularly well-directed blow. Soon in the fury of his disappointment off he jumped to the ground, while the car was going at full speed. For a second he lay stunned from the force of the impact; then scrambling up, with head and tongue cut and bleeding, he pressed on in a grim, blind chase after the trolley—a chase that never ended before we reached the terminal point. Overtaking us at last, he charged upon the front platform, where he was corralled and held captive in the motorman's pen.

His perseverance, however, was destined to be rewarded. On the down trip he caught sight of his new master waiting for him at a street corner. On being released, he tore to the man's side, every leap testifying to his boundless joy.

The next morning saw us standing by the low, iron-hooped railing in front of City Hall—the trolley center.

While waiting for the East Windsor car to be shuttled round the loop, we recognized in the changing throng that lined the curb some companions on the ride to Roton Point along the Sound. On exchanging greeting we learned that, like ourselves, they were on their way to Boston; they had taken the Cheshire route from New Haven and so we had missed them on the way up. With the fraternal spirit that prompts through trip-

A TOBACCO FIELD

pers, we compared notes and guide-books to mutual advantage.

While thus engaged I heard my name sharply called, and the next moment there stood at my elbow the tall, dignified stranger who had importuned me on insurance all the way into Lazy Lane. In his breezy style he dwelt upon the unexpected pleasure of the meeting

and blandly announced that he should be delighted to accompany me as far as Springfield. This would give him a good opportunity to lay before me the salient features of an entirely new proposition—one that I could not afford to neglect, designated as it was for my special case. He was too far gone in the pleasures of his own eloquence to heed my protestations; and when we hopped into the Windsor car the insurance ogre was close at our heels.

A short ride through the foreign quarter (a miniature Ghetto which seemed all the more squalid in contrast with the attractive homes of Hartford's aristocratic avenues)—a dash over the bridge across the Connecticut; and we whisked on to East Windsor Hill. Here, our persecutor still dangling after us, we changed into the commodious double truck which ran straight through to Springfield.

For nearly twenty miles we trolleyed by field and farm, or under spreading elms through sedate village streets, a long line of white-painted poles marking at regular intervals the scheduled stops of the car. The rich green of the tobacco fields (*green* Louisa says; but to my imagination disordered by the flood of insurance talk poured into my ear, the motto, "Figures don't lie," seemed to overshadow the landscape) set off here and there by the dark outlines of weather-beaten sheds, dominated the foreground, while now and then, as we skirted the river, its glimmering surface became the central point in the field of vision.

The scenery, however, laid no spell upon the agent. All the while, with a beaming countenance and a masterful manner that disarmed resentment, he quoted ages

and in short discoursed upon the merits of his new policy as rapturously as Dr. Primrose upon his celebrated hobby—and to as little purpose. For his words went in one ear and out the other. Yet though suffering in silence, I had been maturing a plan of vengeance. Biding my time until I could get a word in edgewise, I gradually shifted the subject to my own besetting weakness; and then unbottled the confessions of

THE CONNECTICUT RIVER

a man in the most hopeless stage of kodakery. When he lisped premiums, I matched him with velox; if he harped upon endowments, I dilated upon the best way of taking a "moving" picture—a subject upon which I could speak most feelingly, since all my earlier shots had been nothing but a blurred series of "moves." The masterful man, however, was not to be squelched.

Warily waiting until I had talked myself out, he began again with his refrain, "Figures can't lie," and aggressively essayed another volley of rates and values from his little black book.

At State Line a conspicuous sign, "Hot Buttered Pop Corn," announced that we were on Massachusetts soil; and soon we were chuff-chuffing along the stretch of grass track under the high-arched trees of Longmeadow—a cathedral aisle of green that recalled the memories of the southern shore. Then but a short spurt—and zigging and zagging with the winding river we caught sight of Springfield and of Mount Tom beyond standing like a giant guard over the valley. Passing Forest Park and on through the trim suburbs, we went trundling down into the heart of the city. Under the railroad arch we parted coldly with the ogre, who hinted, as before, at the probability of another conference.

"I'll write up a policy anyway—say about ten thousand—and submit it to you," he shouted, as we turned to go into the hotel.

"Look out, the figures don't lie," I yelled back at him; and, taking a firmer grip upon our baggage, Louisa and I fled inside. Here an awful truth dawned upon her.

"Good gracious, we've lost our guide-books," she suddenly exclaimed in her tragic alto. Whether they had fallen by the wayside or had found their way by mistake into the pocket of the insurance man—it was all the same. We were freed from their tyranny, I secretly consoled myself.

To Louisa, however, bereft of her guide-books, there

was a shadow of disappointment about our random pilgrimage through Springfield's streets, inviting though they were. She found a certain compensation in the historic landmarks and gazed with rapt interest upon the tall white pillars and quaint belfry of the "Old First Church," which fronts the square hard by the battle monument.

The "green," or square, with a soldier's monument in the center seems to be an ever-present feature of the towns in Western Massachusetts; and, as one rambles through them, he recalls Hawthorne's words about the march of the Gray Champion and the New England sense of patriotic duty.

When the time came to resume our journey, we made enquiries concerning the Palmer car and were directed to a white pole near the hotel, its regular "berth," or stopping place, around which a score of persons were already clustered—many of them through trippers, as we judged from the goodly array of suit cases. There is excellent service on the Springfield trolleys, and punctual to the second the Palmer truck came bounding along. As it pulled up at the pole, we clutched our belongings with a professional grasp preparatory to a fierce scramble for seats. For the firm-set jaws of our fellow-trippers betokened not only combative qualities, but a good measure of New England resolution as well. Greatly to our relief, however, they mounted the flyer with dignified deliberation; and what was more surprising, we had no competitors for the choice seats in motorman's row. Casting a last glance back, as the car shot off, we saw standing in front of the hotel the two victims of the automobile "spill" in Hartford.

They bore no signs of the accident; but were chatting merrily, as they regarded with affectionate interest a touring car, glossy new, which stood by the curb, wheezing asthmatically.

As we climbed a hill in the suburbs, the wide enclosure of the United States Armory came into view. At sight of the low, sprawling piles of red brick, surmounted by a triangular gable, Louisa betrayed a rap-

A SPRINGFIELD STREET

turous concern that hardly accorded with her pacific Quaker ancestry.

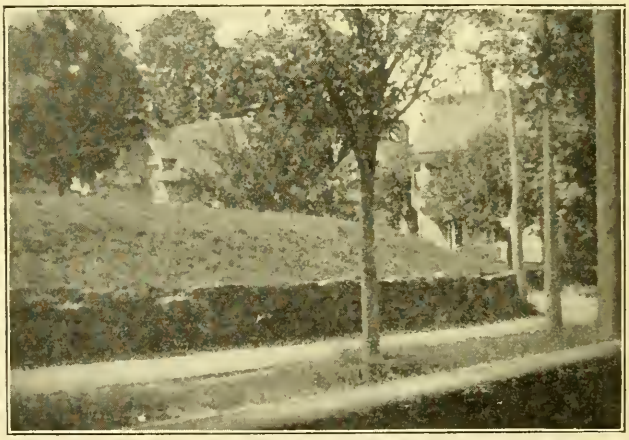
We had not gone many miles on the way to Palmer before we began to observe a marked change in the appearance of the country. Smoke-stacks, flumes and mill-wheels spoke of a manufacturing section. The elms, which had been so attractive a feature of Con-

necticut trolleying, no longer arched the highways, though, to be sure, we met them again in all their glory on Brookfield green. Along these Massachusetts hills much of the scenery has a rugged, indeed rock-bound character. Stone walls take the place of the rail fences, common in Jersey and Pennsylvania. Even more noticeable to the tourist than the physical features of the country is the New England voice, with its shrill pitch and nasal intonation. Surely it is not an excellent thing in man or woman—or phonograph. Is it a climatic survival or a Puritan heritage?

Though the situation of Palmer is undeniably attractive to the eye, yet much of the illusion disappears when one trolleys into the center of the town. Perhaps, however, our disappointment was inspired by the dreaded sight of a picnic party standing near the track and in act to spring upon a car that was rounding a curve. As we stepped from the flyer we were caught in the rush and the next moment, from sheer force of example, we found ourselves wildly elbowing our way along with the crowd, regardless of our destination. As luck would have it, however, we landed in the right car and were presently speeding over the highway to Ware.

About five miles out of Palmer our flyer made a brief stop near the entrance to a large grove, which bumptious advertisements proclaimed "The Pleasure Resort of New England," and which, in truth, had a most inviting appearance. Here the picnic party got off, though with a measured deliberation that afforded a grotesque contrast to their riotous haste in boarding the car at Palmer.

Among the crowd streaming through the entrance to the grove was a small boy who was whistling and dancing in blissful anticipations of a day's sport. Suddenly, however, we saw him turn and come running towards the car, at the same time shouting excitedly to the conductor. Squirming in and out among the picnickers, he made known to us in husky tones that he had lost his lunch basket, which, he supposed, he



ON THE ROAD TO PALMER

had left in our car; and tears filled his eyes at the bitter thought of the cataclysm that had overtaken him—for what is life to growing youth without a well-filled lunch basket? The tragedy deepened when the good-natured conductor, after a thorough search seat by seat, could find no trace of the missing cheer. The lad was trudging away, the picture of misery, when a sympa-

thetic passenger thrust a quarter into his fist and bade him drown the first great sorrow of his young life in ice cream soda. It transpired that the basket had been left in the car which was whizzing back to Palmer far beyond the reach of an insatiable appetite. One naturally wonders what became of "grandmother's cookies." Were they turned into the Lost and Found Department? Or, if purloined, did they trouble the conscience or digestion of the guilty person?

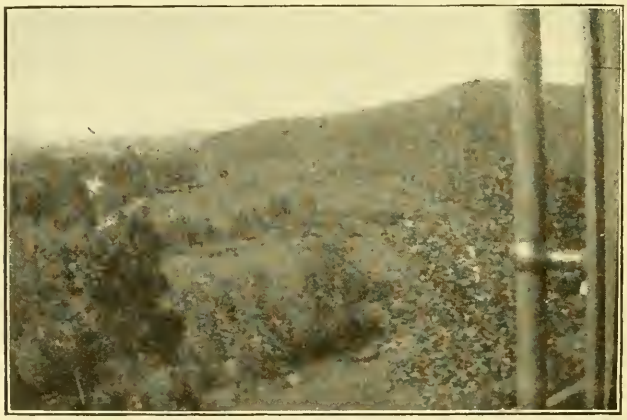
Our plans had been to stay over at Ware until the next morning. For we had covered fifty miles, our daily allotment of trolleying; and besides the spruce-looking town gave promise of good hotel accommodations. As we were riding down the main street, however, Louisa abruptly exclaimed: "Something tells me to push ahead on our journey. Let's take the next car to Brookfield."

Just at that moment it came trundling along, and prompted by the mysterious warning we made a hurried transfer to it. At the time I did scant justice to Louisa's "impression;" but not long afterwards, as will appear, we were both devoutly thankful for having obeyed it.

West Brookfield lies over the hills from Ware; and, as was to be expected, we had up-grade trolleying. Indeed, we had hardly started on our way before we encountered a steep incline. We heard a sudden splutter of the little trolley wheel, as it spun along the wire; and a pungent odor of burnt carbon told us that something had gone wrong with the motor. The crippled car, however, crept along as far as Wickaboag Lake, where a "special" was waiting to take the passengers

on their way. At this turn of affairs Louisa could ill conceal her disappointment, for her imagination, I half suspect, had conjured up a romantic adventure to be embalmed in her diary.

An episode of the ride to West Brookfield exemplifies the rugged type of character one meets in these New England hills. As we turned into the main street of that quiet town, an angular, hatchet-faced woman



THE HILLS NEAR WARE

flounced from her seat and signalled the conductor to stop; but as it chanced, she was carried a few feet beyond her destination. Glaring indignantly at the conductor, she demanded in a shrill voice that the car run back to her destination or else that her nickel be returned. Both these demands being flatly refused, she got off the car in high dudgeon and, transferring

her wrath to the motorman, shook her umbrella violently in his face. The novel sight of a mere passenger trying to bullyrag both motorman and conductor so unnerved me that I forgot to snap Killdeer at the scene. If only that New Rochelle despot, I thought, could meet with such a Nemesis.

The ancient four-wheeler, into which we now changed for Spencer, was most uncomfortably crowded and we were compelled accordingly to take seats in "smokers' row," where we were nearly suffocated from tobacco fumes. Through this obscuring veil we could get but a hazy view of the landscape as we trolleyed on. One thing, however, clings to our memory—a guide-post by the roadside, reading "To Podunk 3 M." So Podunk really is on the map. I had believed it to be a myth of my schoolboy days.

A short time afterwards we were bowling along through the outskirts of Spencer, where an odor of vinegar, mightier than those of fair Cologne, welcomed the stranger within the gates.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Fortunate Decision.

Spencer was brave in flags and bunting the afternoon we trolleyed into town; and up and down its hilly main street excitement was afoot. As the Fourth of July had gone and St. Patrick's was still far off, we were at loss to account for the sudden blaze of glory that had burst upon the little manufacturing town. Our first enquiry, however, brought out the truth with awkward bluntness.

"Is there a good hotel here?" I buttonholed a resident while we were plodding down the steep descent from the Town Hall.

"We *ought* to have," returned the man with an intonation that conveyed a covert rebuke. "We are just celebrating our one hundred and fiftieth anniversary."

Dazed by his subtle reasoning, and mutely following his directions, we soon beheld at a distance well within the enchantment limit a large white structure with a two-story balcony swathed in gaudy decorations—doubtless the survival of the civic celebration. We hurried inside its portals and with all due homage I sought out the dignitary behind the desk.

"Shooting now?" I heard someone say in a hearty tone, as I was craning my neck over the hotel register; and turning around I recognized the twinkling eyes and waggish smile of the through tripper we had met at

Roton and afterwards in Hartford. In answer I pointed to Killdeer, which was slung over my left shoulder; and in the course of conversation I chanced to mention my loquacious persecutor on the trip to Springfield, of whom he entertained a lively recollection.

"That insurance burr," he repeated, giving me a fraternal slap on the shoulder. "I just ran across him here in Spencer this morning. He asked me if I had seen you."

"Here in town," I gasped.

"Yes, hot foot on your trail," he returned. "Do you know," he added, "I think the man's nutty;" and he tapped his forehead oracularly, as if in further confirmation of his diagnosis.

If it be "nuttiness," I thought, there's method in it. Indeed, hardly had the mention of the demon escaped our lips before we heard his cloven foot; and the office door suddenly swinging open, the agent stood before us as imperturbable as the Sphinx.

"Here you are. I've made it ten thousand," he declared after a brief salutation, while he waved an impressive-looking paper close to my nose.

In his masterful presence I could make no demur. I suffered in silence as he went on in his monologue. He would really advise me to carry another five thousand, and would be happy, of course, to acquaint me with his plan of dividends deferred that maketh the heart sick. Down went his pudgy fist into his pocket, but I intercepted him in time.

"Don't show me that exasperating, little black book again," I protested. "I draw the line on that."

"I was merely going to say," he returned, "that figures don't lie."

Then, while I listened in dumb helplessness, he broke out more volubly than before. His demonic scheme of vengeance was evident; if he couldn't insure me, he would at least talk me to death. Half assenting, therefore, to his demands, I made a conditional appointment for the following morning, when I hoped to steal a march on him.

There was another surprise in store for us at this hotel in Spencer. At our first meal there one guest had incautiously asked for hot rolls.

"Hot rolls *for supper*. Certainly not," repeated the austere waitress in icy tones; and the New England conscience reflected in her eyes looked daggers at the questioner who shrank back abashed in his chair.

We were up betimes the next morning. There had been a sudden fall in temperature; and indeed there was such a chill in the air, when we boarded the eight-wheeler for Worcester that we were glad to impress into service the heavy coats we had been tempted to throw away the day before. The jovial trolleyite we had overtaken at the hotel joined us, armed with his large tripod camera, at sight of which Killdeer, feeling his insignificance as a mere snap-shooter, could not conceal his professional jealousy. Just before starting we strained our eyes for a glimpse of our pursuer, but greatly to our relief, as well as surprise, his silk hat and stalwart figure were nowhere to be seen. Our companion, to be sure, insisted that the man was concealed under the fender; but this hypothesis, though plausible, proved to be groundless.

Trolleying in the early morning on a summer's day has an irresistible charm; and the inviting landscape on the way to Worcester made the ride far more enjoyable than the leaden-footed parasangs through the three Brookfields on the afternoon before.

At the suggestion of our fellow-tripper, we stopped over in Leicester (an attractive village half way on the road to Worcester) where, as he assured us, we would

ON THE HILL, SPENCER

find good "shooting." So it proved. For the town stands on a hill that commands a striking view of the countryside. Not before Killdeer had done his worst with the unoffending scenery and our ammunition was exhausted did we resume our journey.

As we trolleyed into the main square of Worcester, the black hands on City Hall clock pointed to nine

L. of C.

minutes after ten. The curb of the broad pavement was black with waiting excursionists, the eyes of the host glued to the Boston flyer, which was shooting around the corner. We had heard much of this new route on the Consolidated (forty miles in two hours without change); and as the line-up by the curb suddenly broke in a scattered rush for the eight-wheeler, Louisa exclaimed excitedly: "O hurry, please. Let's take this car."

"But I thought you wanted to stay over and look around the city," I interposed. "You know Worcester is the heart of the commonwealth."

A toss of her head sealed the decision, and we hurriedly joined the scramble for seats. Our trolley experience stood us in good stead. For our fighting blood once aroused, we jostled and jammed and jabbed our fellow-mortals so aggressively that though the car made only a lightning stop, we succeeded in hurling ourselves aboard, though necessarily in a bedraggled condition and with both baggage and manners much the worse for wear. Fate squeezed us into the very front row, where one rides backward, gazing the while into the solemn trolley faces of one's fellow-passengers.

And speaking of manners—our long trip convinced us of the crying need of a complete guide or manual on "The Etiquette of Trolley Stampedes," with copious notes and diagrams adjusted to critical situations. Among pertinent chapters in such a code book would be the following:

"Is it off-side to knock your fellow-tripper down before the car for which you are waiting comes to a full stop?"

"Will parlor manners preserve one's life in a trolley crush?"

"Why 'let 'em off first?' Has the rule any foundation in Ethics?"

One wonders, however, whether the author of a Polite Guide for Trolley Use would be any more likely to follow his own teaching than the man who wrote the

A WORCESTER CORNER

historic book against duelling and afterwards challenged one of its critics to mortal combat.

The ride to Boston proved a succession of novel experiences. In a few minutes we were out of the city limits, flying past field after field of sumac. At Shrewsbury line, however, our motorman pulled up with a sudden jolt; and the long, tedious delay that ensued, first apprised us of the disorganized condition

of the running schedule. As it proved, our car was "held" to await the up flyer; and not until it thundered past was there a clear track for us to go ahead. Once under way again, however, we tore along at a rate of speed that almost took our breath away. It was trolleying fast and furious. Though this whirlwind rate was not sustained all the way to Boston, yet there were numerous outbursts of speed—and notably while the car was running over the company's exclusive right of way straight through the woods—that afforded us a faint glimpse into the autoists' paradise when the landscape goes reeling by in a mad, jumbled dance. Braced against the sharp knee-caps of a weazened-faced man in front of me, and clutching my note-book in one hand, I prepared to jot down with the other a few dazed impressions. Hardly, however, had I whipped out my pencil before the note-book, upon which I had inadvertently loosened my grip, was swept out of my hand by the speed-generated breeze and whirled far into space.

"There goes my manuscript," I cried ruefully.

"What a pity," consoled Louisa. "You'll never get it back."

"But manuscripts always come back," I rejoined in a tone of conviction.

Meanwhile on we whizzed. At times, when the speed was greatest, we felt the same qualmish sensation that one experiences in an express elevator as it goes shooting down from the top floor of a skyscraper. Such speed mania does not make ideal trolleying; and indeed in many cases is a senseless challenge to disaster. Still it was reassuring to observe the elaborate

system of signals that the company had installed as a safeguard against danger. For at frequent intervals along the track were posted signs bearing such warnings as "Whistle," "Stop," "Go slow."

This flying Yankee made but few scheduled stops; but those were thrice welcome, since the rocking and swaying of the eight-wheeler not only conveyed a most disquieting sense of peril, but the cannon-ball rate of

WESTBORO

speed made of the landscape a chaotic blur. To be sure, here and there, as the car slowed up, a few shreds and patches of scenery were disclosed to us. We caught a fleeting view of the countryside round Southboro, where the track winds along a chain of watersheds. We lingered for a brief moment under the shade in the drowsy streets of Framingham and Wellesley,

though Lake Waban and the grounds of Wellesley College lay outside our field of vision. As we neared Brookline, however, our flyer had another speed spasm, so that our recollections of this suburb of Boston are but an indistinct medley of trees and poles.

In spite of the long delay at Shrewsbury line, we reached Chestnut Hill very nearly on time; but here the passengers were obliged to change cars for the subway. "Dumped out" expresses more accurately our method of egress from the flyer. For hardly had the wheels stopped turning before a flock of trolley trippers from Boston swooped down upon us to capture seats for the return ride to Worcester; and through three or four rows, therefore, of highly-excited culture we had to fight our way to the ground. Indeed, in my anxiety to save Killdeer from being crushed in the melee, I found myself wedged in between the backs of two seats, one of which was being reversed by half a dozen excited claimants. For the principle of "Let 'em off first" is apparently not recognized in the modern Athens. A well-dressed man with a heavy Websterian brow, fiercely intent on going Worcesterward, stubbornly blocked my way out, as if he regarded my presence as a most unreasonable intrusion; and he yielded only at the last moment. Once out, I looked wildly around for Louisa, who had tripped out ahead of me. Fortunately she had passed through the scrimmage unscathed. As we shook off the signs of conflict, we declared our conviction that this stampede at Chestnut Hill was the worst exhibition of trolley manners we had yet seen, not excepting Broadway and the metropolis, where all things come to him who—rushes.

As we saw the flyer rapidly disappear in the direction of Worcester, little did we think that it was dashing towards a tragedy. Yet that evening we heard the Boston newsboys lustily crying out "Terrible Accident on the Consolidated. One Killed and Forty Injured." As it proved, this very car, for seats in which the crowd had struggled so madly at Chestnut Hill, collided with the flyer from Worcester. The

A BACK BAY STREET, BOSTON

catastrophe impressed us all the more deeply because of the knowledge, now brought home to us, that in all human probability we should have been passengers on the down car and among the victims of the wreck, had not Louisa's mysterious warning at Ware changed our plans and hurried us on our journey.

Boston was sweltering in heat and the chill air of

the subway afforded a welcome, if brief, deliverance. We had heard much of the reserved Bostonian manner; and we were taken by surprise, therefore, on alighting at Park Street station to find the place seething with excitement. The platform was awhirl with men, women and children trying to dodge each other, as they prepared excitedly to vault into the open eight-wheelers which were flying round the loop with bewildering rapidity.

"Why, just look there," cried Louisa, as we turned to go up the exit to the street. I screwed my head around in time to see a fat, dumpy woman, a shawl over her head, chasing a car down the loop and shrieking: "Me baby. They've gone off wid me baby." Louisa had seen her fling her child and a large bundle on the rear seat of a Brighton car; but before the woman could follow her belongings the flyer had swept past its "berth" (as the stopping place is called) and was racing down the tunnel. We did not await the result of the woman's quest; but we were fully convinced that one must be spry indeed to leap into a subway trolley. Life, in truth, is real and earnest in the Park Street subway.

The teachers' convention and low railroad rates from the west had attracted to Boston a larger number than usual of sightseers. Their name was legion. We met them, not only in our pilgrimages through the rambling byways of the city, but also in its environs—and notably in historic Concord and Cambridge.

During our stay in the Hub the mystery attaching to Killdeer was explained. The knowing, almost insolent, leer on the face of the hotel porter, when I

declined to entrust my kodak to his feed mercy, recalled my experience in Bridgeport.

"Say, Buttons," I turned sharply on him. "What are you grinning at? Haven't you ever seen a kodak before?"

"Why, Boss," he plumped back. "We fellows thought perhaps you were carrying diamonds in it. It's an old dodge."

Diamonds. Louisa and I laughed heartily at the idea; but after that I was cautious how I showed my affection for Killdeer in public.

UNDER THE OLD ELM, CAMBRIDGE

CHAPTER IX.

In Which We are Gorged with History.

The East Wind of Boston is a tricksy spirit; and the morning we continued our journey, the malicious elf was holding high carnival on Chelsea bridge. There had been, however, a sudden drop in the temperature; and when we descended into the tunnel at Scollay Square the damp air chilled us to the bone.

Across the Lynn meadows the wind had full sweep; and though the curtains were drawn taut, trolleying in an open car in the teeth of Notus was so little to our relish that we were heartily glad to find refuge in the more sheltered city.

"O curfew of the setting sun, O bells of Lynn;
O requiem of the dying day, O bells of Lynn,"

quoted Louisa. The fact is that it was her day for quotations, for otherwise, as we agreed, there could have been no reasonable expectation of hearing the sound of curfew at the breakfast hour; and, in fact, naught but the hum of traffic filled the streets as our car pulled up in the square near the railroad crossing. Even here, however, the wind was blowing in fitful gusts and raising the dust in eddies. Its pranks afforded us a diverting comedy, while we stood in the lee of a shop window keeping a good lookout, never-

theless, for the Salem trolley. One puff switched the straw hat off a fat man's head, twirling it high in the air, only to let it fall with a sudden flop in the middle of the street. Here was the owner's chance; nor was he the kind of man to neglect his opportunities. He made a dive for the hat and, with a ponderous look of self-satisfaction pictured on his solemn countenance, had just stooped to grasp the runaway, when off

WAITING FOR THE TROLLEY, LYNN

it darted from under his broad palm with a malicious spurt, as if it rather exulted in the novel idea of taking a day off. No situation could be more trying for eminent respectability. Even an imperial Caesar would have had hard work to preserve his personal dignity, while chasing his laurel wreath around a flatiron corner in the Forum on a raw and gusty day, followed by a

string of ribald urchins in full cry. As for our hero, however, though impious thoughts corrugated his brows, he was not to be daunted; but with grim Yankee persistency he followed the gyrations of the wind-blown object, as it lured him onward. Soon, however, hat and pursuer disappeared round a corner and the final act in the comedy was hidden from us.

The Salem car was now at the curb, and the next moment we were once more in the throes of a trolley scramble. As we scurried across the sidewalk in the wake of the crowd, Louisa spied a tiny shoe, evidently brand new, lying in the gutter, where it doubtless had been carried by the playful breeze.

"What an appropriate souvenir of the Shoe City," she exclaimed; but no sooner had she pounced upon the treasure trove than its infant owner came toddling up to reclaim it.

"Findings are keepings," quoted Louisa.

"*Not* shoe findings," beamed the child's parent in return; and accordingly the trophy was restored to the owner, who crowed with delight.

Though trolleying through Essex county offers but few attractions to the eye, it is rich in historical associations. Hardly, indeed, had we set foot in Salem before a bright-eyed lad with shining morning face ran up to us and, pointing to a nickel badge on his breast, said: "I'm the official guide. Don't you want to see the House of Seven Gables?"

The question touching a responsive chord (for Louisa was in a deeply historical mood that morning) off we started with our youthful escort on a pilgrimage through Hawthorne's city. The dreamy influence of

the romancer's genius seem still to hang over this old Puritan town; and under its spell we could recreate in fancy the scene of Maule's execution, where the victim of witchcraft bigotry pronounced the curse upon his enemy: "God will give thee blood to drink." Yet we must admit that the illusion was in a measure dispelled at the sight of the shabby and flimsy structure which our guide proudly pointed out to us as the Gables. In vain we looked for the haunted well and garden where Chanticleer and his degenerate brood passed their declining years, and where little Phoebe mortally wounded the pride of Speckles. To be sure, an historical lie well stuck to is as good as the truth; but calling a house Seven Gables that has but *four* is stretching the elementary mathematics as well as the truth.

Gorged at last with romance and history, we sauntered back to the trolley station, where we boarded the car for Beverley. Louisa was in raptures; and as we trolleyed past the ancient roofs and gables there floated before her eyes visions of canopies, brass candlesticks and colonial straight backs. Though "Old Essex" contains many notable estates and country seats, yet few of them are to be seen by the trolley traveller, for his course takes him through a rugged by-section. Near Pride's Crossing, Louisa had hoped to get a half glimpse at least of the famous Bartlett Gardens, but the trolley knew them not.

On getting out into the open country, we felt once more the relentless force of the wind; and by the time we had trundled into Ipswich Junction, a veritable gale was blowing. Indeed, the Junction, located as it was

on a bleak hill-top, was exposed to the full fury of the blasts.

Its chief habitation was a small and dingy frame building, the ground floor of which served the purpose of a trolley waiting-room. Roughly pencilled over the door was a paraphrase of the grim legend on the portals of the *Inferno;* while its interior was garnished with rows of glass jars filled with stick candy and gum-

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SALEM

drops. On the other side of the track loomed up a large advertising board plastered with a broad expanse of yellow paper which attracted Louisa's eye at once.

"There's a splendid wind shield," she cried, nodding in the yellow direction; and on its lee side we quickly found shelter on scrambling out of the car. Meanwhile, as we lay in ambush for the connecting

trolley, the piping blasts from off Cape Ann howled past our ears; nor did we venture forth from our retreat before we heard the whirr of the wheels coming up the hill.

"It's against the rule," said the conductor (we were trolleying onward again) to a shivering passenger who had asked to have the windward curtain pulled down. Both spoke with a Yankee twang that bore unmistakably the rural hall-mark; and, in fact, most of the passengers were of the same type—a sedate, taciturn group for whom apparently life held but few charms. Indeed the trolley face one sees in "Old Essex" is almost lugubrious.

Perhaps after all, the sedate manner of our fellow-passengers was only another expression of the leisurely calm that permeates all this section from Ipswich Junction to Newburyport. Here, in truth, time flits carelessly like a summer's day in Arden. The trolley service shared in the general spirit of repose, and we encountered wearisome delays at nearly every connecting point after leaving Salem.

For that reason we were not surprised on ambling into Ipswich town (the first station after leaving the Junction) to learn that we had just lost the connecting car. We found this drowsy little village in the sole possession—so far as outward signs went—of a tow-headed boy and girl who were loitering near the trolley station. Their attention was attracted at once to Killdeer; and, after scrutinizing us with a baby stare, they decided to pardon our intrusion into their Arcadia.

"Mister, please take my pixter," cried the little girl, radiant with anticipated joy. As it chanced, both

cherubs had just been diving into a paper bag stuffed with molasses candy; and sundry foreign accretions on their chubby faces bore eloquent testimony to the havoc they had wrought. They seemed to be all fingers, and sticky ones at that, so that more than once Killdeer was profaned by the inquisitive touch of molasses before I succeeded in shooting the coveted "pixter." Nor were "pixters" the limit of their youthful ambition.

"MISTER, TAKE MY PIXTER?"

"Please take us with you to Rowley," chimed in the cherubs, after they had learned of our destination. To their imagination a ride to Rowley, though only the adjoining town to Ipswich, promised all the novelty of a plunge into the unknown; and the long track and high trolley poles that stretched in that direction brought to their minds visions of the great

wide world, where Jack the Giant Killer pursues the slaughtering business and Bluebeard hangs up his matrimonial difficulties nine at a time. Innocent little souls, what did they reck of Armour and beef trusts and South Dakota? So earnestly, in fact, did they plead that Louisa was sorely tempted to take them along to the next town, sending the little travelers back in charge of the conductor; but this, I argued,

TROLLEY JUNCTION, NEAR DUMMER'S

might be construed as kidnapping. As our car pulled away, however, we watched the youthful guardians of Ipswich from the rear seat of the four-wheeler. When we turned a sharp bend in the road they were still standing by the station, looking wistfully after us.

Like its immediate predecessors along the route, our car was an open single truck. Through it the high

wind had full sweep and continued to play fantastic tricks with the hats of unwary passengers. Near Dummer's a long stop was made expressly to allow one unfortunate to recover his derby which was soaring back to Ipswich. As the man sprinted down the track in quest of it, the occupants of the four-wheeler, deeply sympathetic, quickly jumped out and lined up along the running board to watch the progress of the long chase. The man returned winded but triumphant; and then his fellow-passengers—for they were not of the emotional type—solemnly climbed into the car after him without giving the usual tribute of a cheer.

It proved slow trolleying to Newburyport. At last the roofs and spires of the city by the Merrimac rose above the broad wolds; and we decided to break the journey there until Aeolus had exhausted his available supply of blasts and breezes. It's an ill-wind that doesn't know when to stop.

CHAPTER X.

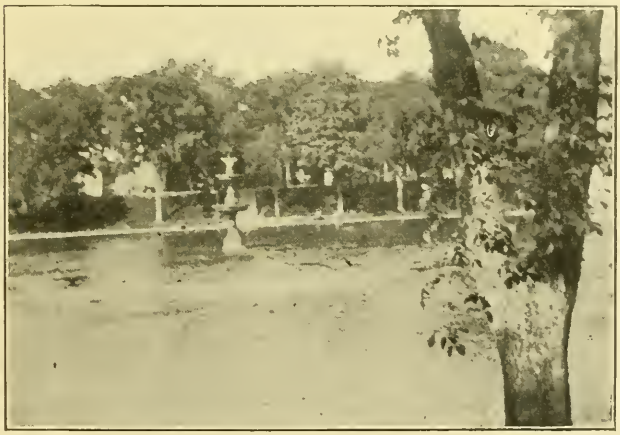
Coming through the Ryes.

"It's Lafayette," said Louisa.

"It reminds me of Timothy Dexter," I ventured.

"O, I know now," she continued. "It's the very image of Whittier. Look at the set expression of the mouth."

"That's Paul Jones' coat," I protested firmly.



A NEWBURYPORT PARK

We stood gazing in perplexity at a statue on the edge of Newburyport's park. The figure, once bronze,

had turned green with age or envy; but the imposing pedestal upon which it was perched argued a distinguished man. On the pedestal, however, we could decipher no sign of identification—merely the name of the donor; and we concluded accordingly that the effigy was one of a local worthy. Louisa's curiosity, however, was sharply whetted and, spying an elderly man strolling along the shady side of the street, she sought enlightenment.

"*Washington,*" said the stranger curtly, glaring suspiciously at us. Though we blushed with mortification, we took refuge in the consoling thought that not even Washington's mother would have recognized the effigy in its neglected condition.

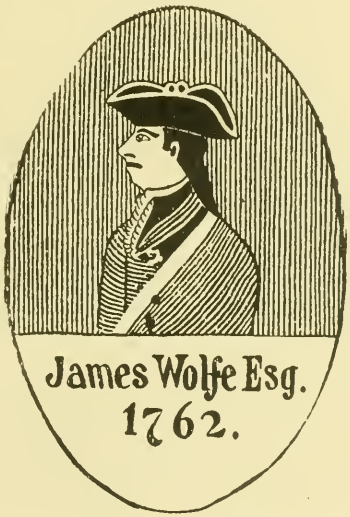
Nor was that the only humiliating blunder we made. As we were strolling down the main street, our attention was attracted by an old tavern sign which projected from a tall post on the curb and upon which was painted the likeness of a man in tye wig and continental cockade, while below was the inscription, "James Wolfe, Esquire."

"What Wolfe is that?" I enquired at random of a bright-eyed lad who chanced to be passing.

"Why, that's the great general who took Quebec," returned the youth. "Didn't you ever read about him in American history?"

In spite of the rebuke by my young critic I could not help thinking that Newburyport had done a cruel injustice to the countenance of the hero. For the marked projection of the nose and lower lip beyond the face line not only marred the unity of design, but forced the belief that a man-fish sat as the artist's model.

"Could a man with gills like that," I thought, "have been the victor on the Heights of Abraham? No wonder he died happy." Indeed the artist's *tour de force* reminded one of the famous likeness of Sir Roger de Coverley, the portrait that merely by the addition of whiskers was transformed into a Saracen's head.

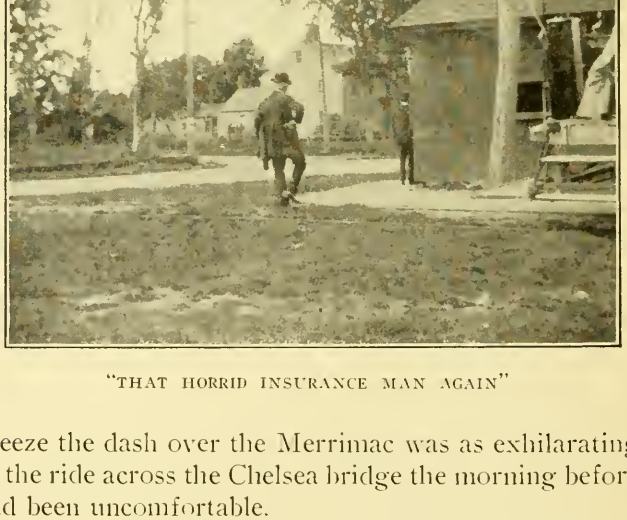


OLD TAVERN SIGN, NEWBURYPORT

The Wolfe tavern dates back to 1762; but is only one of many reminders of colonial days that the tourist meets in Newburyport. They bring to mind the city's historic past when its clippers sailed round the world and its name was interwoven with tales of romantic adventure on the high seas. There are other quaint survivals. For we were told that the town crier still

walks his rounds here, though of late the office has been stripped of much of its old-time majesty. If this relic exists, however, we caught no sound of the crier's bell as we rambled through the Quaker-like calm of highway and byway.

The next morning brought propitious trolley weather and we were soon whirling northward again. The high wind had died out and in mild air and gentle



"THAT HORRID INSURANCE MAN AGAIN"

breeze the dash over the Merrimac was as exhilarating as the ride across the Chelsea bridge the morning before had been uncomfortable.

As the jangle of the trolley gong burst in upon the deep repose of Salisbury, the first station out of Newburyport, Louisa suddenly exclaimed: "*Do* look. There's that horrid insurance man again;" and turning

I saw a tall figure in blue striding towards the station. We expected him to pounce down upon us the next moment and hail us with familiar flourish of insurance documents. Great was our relief, however, on scrutinizing the stranger more closely to discover that though the resemblance was marked the man was not our tormentor. Indeed, we never laid eyes again upon the insurance man; but we learned upon our return home that our fun-loving friends in a sane interval had called off the demon from the pursuit.

As we journeyed on from Salisbury, the number of trolley excursionists increased rapidly. Another change at State Line and rapid trolleying (rapid, at least, according to Essex standards) along the New Hampshire shore soon brought in sight the embankment at Hampton Beach.

A board walk ran its entire length and midway rose a pavilion from which floats strains of "My Lover Is on the Deep Blue Sea," mingled impartially with "What Are the Wild Waves Saying?" The futility, however, of such an enquiry was evident to us as we took our first glance seaward; and even the musicians, when the lusty notes of the trombone died away, must have confessed that the waves had nothing whatever to say for publication. The sea was washing the sandy beach in placid ripples, while to the northeast we could make out the long, black outlines of Boar's Head jutting out into the sea. Few bathers were visible, but here and there groups of children, linked hand in hand, were making merry on the glistening sand.

Glancing across the roadway in front of the pavilion, Louisa saw a large flaring sign near a horse-shoe arch-

way announcing in bold letters "Shore Dinners," and she promptly suggested that we should explore its mysteries.

Its active principle proved to be clams, though in many forms. There were clams in the stew and on the shell; clams minced and devilled; steamed and roasted; fried and strained; clams, in short, in every guise. Yet all the courses were toothsome, all the

HAMPTON BEACH

more, perhaps, because "Shore Dinner" etiquette sanctions the primitive use of one's fingers in lieu of forks; and we rose from the feast firm converts to a new faith, clammy though it was. As we emerged from the horse-shoe, we heard the rumble of the Portsmouth car and we signaled just in time to get aboard. We fled none too soon; for while we were speeding

along the embankment, we could see the atmosphere around the music pavilion writhing in torture under the jugglery of Hi—but let it be nameless.

As we trolleyed through the Ryes (three of them) our course gradually swerved from the shore and stretched at last through a quiet countryside, zigging and zagging into Portsmouth.

Our first glimpse of this city brought back vivid memories of Newburyport. Not only its rambling roofs, antique gables and stately shade trees are reminiscent of the Massachusetts city, but it is enriched with an equal wealth of tradition. Such an atmosphere could not but lay its spell upon Louisa, who had here one of her severest attacks of history. A notable landmark is the old tavern, where in the days of Governor Wentworth,

> " Neat as a pin and blooming as a rose
> Stood Mistress Stavers in her furbelows.
> Just as her cuckoo clock was striking nine
> Above her head, resplendent on the sign."

Portsmouth, too, has more than its past to endow it with interest. For it still continues to make history and make it in daily nectareous kegs, as the fame of its local brewery attests.

A ferry ride across the bay to Kittery on the Maine shore made a brief interruption in our trolleying. We found the little ferry boat crowded with passengers, for the trip from Kittery to York Beach is a most popular one. Most of them had the New England seriousness of mien; and, though evidently tourists,

yet as they stood huddled together on the forward deck they looked almost as depressed as if they were Siberian convicts on their way to Tomsk. Not so the purser, however; he was a jovial-looking soul who bore a resemblance to Sir Thomas Lipton. When I asked permission to snap him, he stepped out most considerately into the broiling sun and with a resigned air bade me do my worst. I did it.

IN OLD PORTSMOUTH

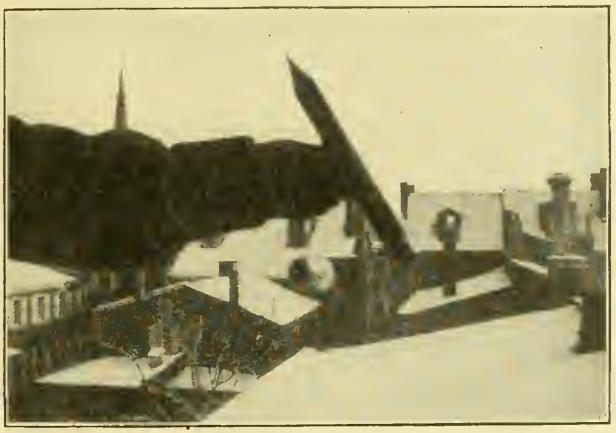
The beach car was waiting on the Maine side near the ferry slip; and as the passengers streamed from the boat, the motorman sounded the warning gong. Of course everybody broke into a run, in which we joined with an eagerness inspired by the knowledge that it was our last stampede. Before we jumped aboard I snapped the car; and the next second we were

whirling toward York Beach. Then followed ten miles or more of goodly trolleying, one of the most pleasurable portions of the trip.

"What place is this?" I asked a venerable-looking man as we clambered out of the car at the terminal point.

"The jumping-off place," he returned with a marked asperity in his tone.

Our journey of five hundred miles was over. I fired a parting shot from Killdeer; and beheading Nicholas, gently inverted him. Not a nickel was left.



"NOT A NICKEL WAS LEFT"

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